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JULY
1931 *

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THE MINERS ARE MARCHING

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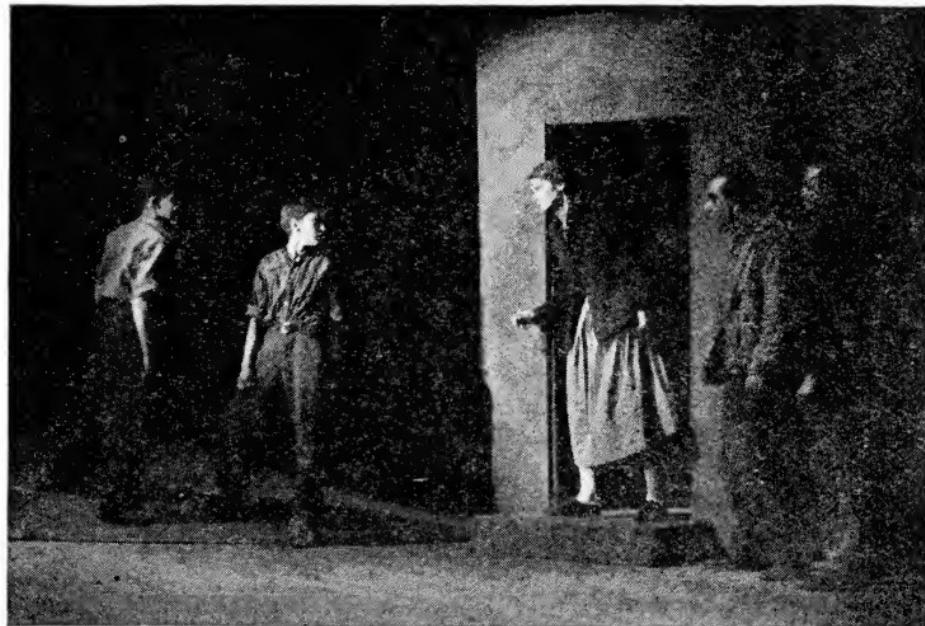
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NEW MASSES

1910—Sixth Year of the New Masses -- 1926 -- Twenty First Year of the Masses—1931

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VERN SMITH

BLOOD ON THE COAL

Six hundred pickets of Wildwood mine of the Butler Consolidated Coal Co. were marching this morning to picket the mine. They were coming up the road approaching the company property but not on it, and with the post office and company store in sight.

Without a word of warning, about 30 deputized mine guards, guards who were not deputized, and petty officials of the company, opened fire on them with pistols, machine guns, sawed off shot guns, and "pump guns." The killers were in ambush in the post office, in the store, and in the bushes alongside the road.

At the same time, clouds of tear gas from bombs thrown by the gunmen spread over the road. And shots continued to volley into the masses of strikers choking and stumbling in the haze of gas. Nearly 200 shots were fired into this crowd of unarmed men, women and children. One man, Peter Zigaric was killed, four are seriously wounded. The wonder of it is that the crowd stood fast, with men and women falling right and left, and answered the hail of bullets with another hail of stones; they stuck in the unequal battle for fifteen minutes, and then were broken. The Butler Consolidated, most mechanized mine in the world, was strike breaking in the same efficient manner it mines coal, and with the same disregard for the lives of its miners.

Butler consolidated got out the first injunction in this strike of 40,000 men in three states. The injunction prohibits picketing even on the public highways, and prohibits advising any one to either strike or picket. The capitalist press here, which now publishes the news of the Wildwood massacre with headlines like this: "Foster Leader of Wildwood Attack—Eight Strikers, One Deputy Injured In Exchange of Shots," hailed the injunction as "the most drastic and wide-reaching ever used in an industrial conflict."

The miners think so too. Five thousand met Sunday, the day before the picketing at Wildwood, and they met on historic ground. They met in the same field at Cheswick, where on August 22, 1927, thousands gathered to protest the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, where state troopers gassed, clubbed and shot them down, where one trooper was killed by his immediate victim, and the Cheswick and Accorsi cases resulted.

They met not far from Wildwood, and cheered Foster's speech, which pointed out that this is a strike against starvation, a life and death battle, and strikers simply can not permit the right to strike to be taken away.

These thousands pledged to march on Wildwood, and they were marching, although the roads in all directions were barred with machine guns. But the first contingent, from Wildwood itself, was the one that was ambushed.

Now scores of Pinchot's state troopers are on the scene, and any future killing in this section will proceed under the direction of that most "progressive" governor.

This strike, covering Western Pennsylvania, extending into central Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio, and northern West Virginia, with an outlying post in the 2,000 striking at West Frankfort, Ill. is a fight for wages by men who have been getting no wages at all. Thousands of pay slips show that every cent made by the miner at 30 to 40 cents per ton of machine coal, goes for his food, rent, lodging, and clothes, which the company sells him. He works in actual peonage. Now he demands 55 cents a ton, in cash, not company money good only in the company store.

The strike started about June 1 the first miners around Avella walking out against further cuts in wages that have already been cut seventy per cent in the last two years. It is a strike against starvation.

It is not a strike led by the United Mine Workers of America. Hated even more than the operators, the "yellow dog" (deputies) or the coal and iron police of the companies, are the "organizers" of the U.M.W. Pat Fagan, Pittsburgh district president of the U.M.W. and the international office of the U.M.W. hold conferences under the protection of Governor Pinchot to make scab strike-breaking agreements in the name of the miners, and the miners send such a loud voiced committee to denounce the attempt, that the U.M.W. and the operators have to retreat, to wait, to try to corrupt first.

Fagan went two days ago without his gunmen to California, where the Vesta mines are, and the women of the miners' families chased him out with their brooms.

Fagan came with four state troopers and four carloads of privately hired gunmen to his own home town, Castle Shannon, where there is a struck Pittsburgh Terminal mine. None came to hear him, but a crowd of 1,000 men, women and children marched on him, and stoned him out of town, with a cut face and his automobile smashed with rocks.

This is not a U.M.W. strike, with passivity, expulsions of militants, and a sell-out at the end. This strike is led by the National Miners Union and the Central Rank and File Strike Committee, a delegated body of over 300 representatives of local strike committees. It is a strike of heroic efforts, of ten and fifteen mile marches. Today's shooting was not the first: seven men have been shot already, all miners, and four of them were shot by the state troopers. Ninety percent of these strikers voted Pinchot into office—let him come and ask them for votes again!

The strikers will not be terrorized, they will spread and consolidate their strike. Yesterday there were mass meetings which



A SCAB IS BURIED IN THE COAL FIELDS

prepared marches that brought out five new mines on strike today. This is what they are like:

Yesterday I attended a meeting of strikers of Vesta Coal Co. Mines 4 and 6, held on the grass and under the trees of a hillside overlooking the little mining town of California and the Monongahela River. There were about 1,200 of them, mostly men but with a sprinkling of women and children.

Rank and file speakers, one after another, a Negro, a woman among them, rose and pledged the crowd, amidst applause, to march the next day on Vesta No. 5, ten miles away. Trucks would come through California at two o'clock in the morning to carry part of the pickets up near Vesta 5. From two other directions, similar marches were to descend on Vesta 5. With the exception of Vesta 8, a small mine down near the West Virginia border, Vesta 5 with its 1,600 men at work, was the only unstruck mine of this company. (It may be noted that we have just been telephoned that 800 struck at Vesta 5 this morning when they saw 2,000 pickets there).

"This strike is no vacation and no picnic; you can't stay in bed until eight or nine o'clock and win it," say the speakers, scolding the laggards. "A good striker is on the picket line every morning and every evening," they say.

"The sheriff forbids women and children from picketing, but they must picket with the men," says the woman speaker. "The woman's place is at the battle front with her man, for this is her strike no less than his."

"Don't believe Pinchot when he says he is a progressive, the friend of the miners," say others. "Pinchot says he will dissolve the coal and iron police, but he sends in more state troopers, and

they are as bad as the yellow dogs!"

"Worse!" shouts the crowd.

Such meetings are taking place all over the coal fields particularly on Sunday. They mobilize for the supreme effort on Monday, but the fight goes on ceaselessly every morning the mines try to work.

A special crew to go into West Virginia is organized. The relief and defense committees are built up and strengthened. Arrangements are made to get the necessary trucks, to borrow them locally, for these strikers, leading their own struggle, under the leadership of the National Miners Union and their own strike committees, local, sectional and central.

This is the spirit that wins, and guns will not stop these men. Starvation, if it lasts long enough, may. There is the greatest need for, relief. The Pennsylvania-Ohio Striking Miners Relief Committee is organized, with headquarters at 611 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh. There must be the fullest response to its collections in all the large cities. Food, clothing and money are needed. The miners have been half starving since 1927, they are actually starving now.

Pittsburgh, June 22, 1931.

ELM GROVE, W. VA., 1925.

Our valley

*Is capped with the night sky. Earth's forsaken alley
Is blocked with the still dark. One light
At the mine-mouth lives through the valley by night.
Only one. The rest is night where our grimed faces
Of the day, washed for sleep, steal sleep from the day each faces.*

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS.

Mitchel Siporin



A SCAB IS BURIED IN THE COAL FIELDS

Mitchel Siporin



A SCAB IS BURIED IN THE COAL FIELDS

Mitchel Siporin

MYRA PAGE

ON THE PICKET LINE

Three miners and I—trudge silently down the dark winding highway. Around us loom the rolling hills of southwestern Pennsylvania. Ahead, huddled beneath the soaring slate dump stand row on row of company shacks, brooding in the night. Occasionally, some distance up the road, there is a flare of flashlights.

"Yellow dogs," Mike whispers sourly. Yellow dogs, the miners' epithet for Pinchot's state troopers, coal and iron police, and company deputies.

In front walks Alec, jimminty-jawed veteran of many strikes, with him is his 18 year-old George who'd joined the union last April and done his bit since then lining up the other young fellows. Mike and I follow behind. Local organizer for this section, he reminds me of a southern pine tree with his upright, weighty trunk and long arms that hang like branches on either side. Like a pine tree too is his quiet strength that no winds of battle, can uproot. In the mines since a boy of thirteen he'd been chosen last year by the men here as their leader.

We are headed for Vesta Mine number—, which lies on the Monongahela river in the Brownsville area. This is the last lap of an eighteen-hour day. A day which had begun with picket duty at four-thirty, followed by local mass and strike executive meetings, a fifty mile trip into Pittsburgh in a ramshackle car for the weekly district strike conference, and ending with the trip back. As a precaution we had left our driver up the road, and are covering the last stretch on foot. These men, as miners, know no fear. But union orders are union orders. They've been told not to get arrested unnecessarily. Forces are all too few. Many men and women are already behind the bars, on one pretext or another.

The men's feet are swollen and blistered from so much tramping. They have had only one sandwich all day. One sandwich for eighteen hours' strenuous activity. In four hours' time the next round will begin. Maybe, tomorrow, there will be nothing to eat. And there is an extra ten-mile march over to Vesta Mine number— planned, to pull her down.

These things the miners accept as a matter of course. This is their strike, and they are out to win at no matter what cost.

Tonight they feel pretty good. Reports from other mine delegations throughout western Pennsylvania at today's conference had been generally satisfactory. Many new mines are sending word, "Come, pull us out." Walk-outs are spreading fast in West Virginia and Ohio. Yep, in spite of all the operators and U.M.W. can do, things look pretty good.

The two in front halted. "Where we turn off. S'long. See you at four-thirty."

"For Christ's sake don't be late," Mike whispers hoarsely.

"Hell no. Gotta keep out the rest tomorrow." They disappear up a by-path. Soon we circle in the opposite direction, coming out finally in front of a shack which stands on private land across the road from the "patch," (company village). Pete—, who occupies it with his wife and five children, has been blacklisted since the 1927 strike and turned out of the patch. He rents this from a small independent shopkeeper for seven dollars a month, tries to keep his family by doing odd jobs at carpentry work.

When the National Miners' Union came into the field Pete was one of the first to begin agitating at Vesta—, and signing up the men in "our own union."

Mike knocks at the door. There is no answer. After a bit he knocks again, softly. A shuffling of bare feet on the boards inside. "Who's there?" "It's me, Mike, and a comrade." The bolt slips

back, we walk inside. The bolt thrown again, the lamp is lit and we take seats around the rough wooden table. The room is bare, except for a coal-burning cook stove standing at one side, the table and benches, and a row of shelves which Pete had built—conspicuously empty now but for a few dishes and a stack of the *Daily Worker* and Slavic papers. From each end of the room there runs a small bedroom which I later learn contains two beds each. There are no chests or closets, and no need for them, as the few pieces which the family have besides those on their backs can easily hang on the five nails along the walls.

The one-story shack is built of flat boards, with no plastering, or means of heat or light other than the cook stove and lamp. All water is obtained from one of the three pumps on the patch. Three out-houses serve twelve families.

Pete's place was typical of miners' shacks, though some are smaller and those on the patch are often two-story two-family affairs.

Everywhere I am again struck by the similarity between the miners' plight and that of southern textile workers—both the primitive conditions under which they are forced to live, and the companies' ruthless domination of every phase of their existence, mental as well as physical.

Coal-miners figure that their standard of living has been cut by seventy percent since the war, through wage-cuts, cheating at the tipple, and part-time employment. Meanwhile hours have lengthened to nine and ten, often for seven days a week (when there's work). Close to two hundred thousand men and their families have been driven out of the industry all together.

There is one equally striking difference, however. While southern millhands have little or no organizational experience and are therefore largely puppets in the hands of their employers, the coal miners have more than thirty years of union struggles to their credit and a tradition of solidarity and defiant militancy that has no equal in this country.

Late as it is, we sit for a half-hour discussing the latest developments in the strike. There is an angry twinkle in Pete's eyes as he tells us, "Yellow-dog ask me this morning, 'What you do on picket-line? You no miner!'"

Mike's answer comes slowly. "You tell those sons of bitches that you got as much right as anybody on picket line. You tell 'em that when this strike is won, you're going back to the mine."

"Sure," Pete tosses his shaggy head. "I told 'em."

Rosie, Pete's wife who barely reaches to his elbow, breaks in. "Today yellow-dog tell me, 'If you and your man don't quit trouble-making, we stop your getting water at the pump.' So I tell him, 'We no quit. We get water from river. Good as your dam water any day."

We turn in, Rosie, her youngest and myself in one bed, her four others in a bed alongside. The men and another visitor sleep across the way. Grown-ups sleep in their clothes, only shedding shoes and maybe their top garment. Children bunch together naked, tossing and moaning in their sleep from long-felt hunger. Windows are made so they can not be opened, and as no-one dared leave a door open now that the dicks were breaking in, shooting and thugging in the night, the seven of us slept in a six by eight space shut up tight as a box.

Yet I never slept better than now, and on the nights following. I don't think a sledge hammer could have robbed me and the others of those few precious hours of exhausted slumber.

Four o'clock comes all too soon. Heavy-

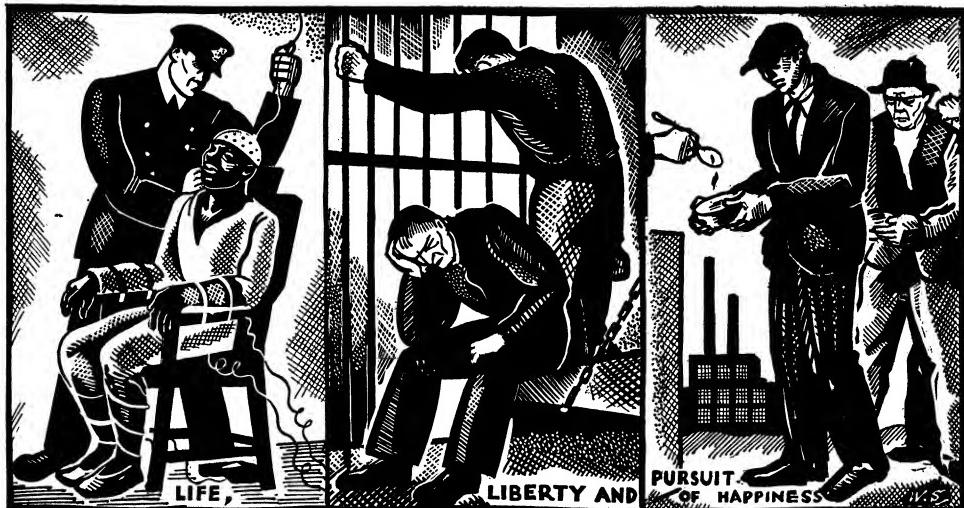


Morris Pass



ALL OUT, COALDIGGERS!

Morris Pass



SCOTTSBORO

MOONEY & BILLINGS

William Siegel
THE UNEMPLOYED

headed, we swallow some hot water and make for the picket line. Pete has his saws wrapped in newspaper under his arm. After picket duty he'll go over the mountain and do a day's work. He curses over it, but he can't stay off now, not with his kids starving, another baby on the way and but five months when he's a chance for a few days work here and there. Last year, he tells me, he only made seven hundred. He carries no lunch bucket. What there is must go for the missy and the kids.

Heavy mists veil the hills and valley, and send a chill through our bodies as we march, two by two, up and down over a half-mile stretch on the public high-way before the mine's two entrances. Gradually other figures emerge from the mist. The shabby line of men, women and children lengthens. Two hundred—three hundred—four hundred. Truckloads join us from neighboring mines. Vesta—has been struck only five days and needs help to pull the last 130 men out. There are nods, sallies. On the whole the march is a silent one.

Pete and Mike grin. By tomorrow the mine'll be shut tight.

The first pickets carry an American flag. This is an old tradition. Furthermore, the pickets think it may keep the yellow-dogs from being quite so nasty. The flag shows they're not damn Bolsheviks and foreigners marching, but good citizens, fighting for bread. Some don't care what the papers call them, but the majority do. A good proportion of the marchers are American-born, both Negro and white, and the younger generation of foreign-born parents who've come into the mines in the last decade. Many unemployed miners are also in line.

Company officials and Pinchot's state troopers are worried. Never before have they seen so many native and foreign born, Negro and white, of all ages and both sexes striking and marching shoulder to shoulder. "Damn it," one exclaims, "they'll be trying to run the country next!"

State police on prancing black horses race up and down, scowling and threatening. There's a rifle across each saddle, a pistol and gas bomb at each belt. Their brutality and scabbing activities have turned the bulk of the miners against Pinchot. "We voted for him last time. He talked soft. But we'll run him out of office yet, him and his state police."

Coal and iron police guard the entrance to the company patch. They have blocked off a section of the public highway and announce it as "private property" in order to keep union men away from those still working. It means those who live in non-company houses have to walk the tracks to come to picket and mass meetings. In a day or so railway dicks will be arresting miners for trespassing on its private property. "By gorry, when that starts," the pickets exclaim to one another, "there's gonna be trouble. We ain't after trouble, but if it comes—. Those yellow dogs ain't got no right to fence off a public highway. What's it coming to? We'll just bust through. We know our rights!"

Five-thirty-six o'clock. Shrill blasts of a mine whistle calling to work. It's the same whistle that has announced many accidents at the mine, in the past.

The marchers grow sarcastic. "Say, Mike, can't you hear the whistle. Ain't you working today?" "Say, Alec, where's your

bucket? How come you ain't in pit clothes?" (Incidentally, many miner pickets are, for the simple reason that these coal-and grease-stained garments, pit boots and caps are the last clothes they have).

Three miners from the patch, guarded by yellow-dogs, start hurriedly across the trestle for the mine. Shouts, growls. "Heigh, fellow-miners, don't you know there's a strike on here?"

One woman screams shrilly, "What you go to work for? You ain't got nothing in your bucket nohow!" This brings a general laugh, it's probably the grim truth. For months past many miners have had only water in their buckets, or at most a piece of dry bread. And at the shacks they left there is also only bread, "and dam scarce o' that." The miners' slogan which they themselves coined, "Strike—Fight against Starvation!" springs directly from their experience.

A few more men cross the bridge. Two car-loads tear through. The shouts grow louder, rougher. Some-one throws a rock.

"Ain't you shamed," the youngsters yell, "to go to work, and take food from hungry children!" "My dad's striking, why ain't you?" A trooper swings across his horse at them. "Shut up, you, or I'll send you off the road." They know the men (except professional scabs) can't stand out against the women and children calling them. The strikers snarl back. "We don't want trouble, but—" The strike is young here, but company and police terror in past strikes and in many mines in the present one has taught Vesta men what to expect.

Over in the patch we see close to a hundred men and their families standing watching. "They won't go to work, but they're a-scared to picket," the marchers comment. "Come on," they call to them, "Don't be scared. Join us." No one moves. Later, when we hold our mass meeting in an empty field, large numbers from the patch attend.

New men and women are elected to serve on the broadened strike committee. Later in the day the women organize their Union Auxiliary, fifty kids form a Miners' Children's Club. Fervor runs high. The afternoon picket line sees practically every man, woman and child from Vesta—on the march. Twelve hundred in all. The sun scorches down on us, the asphalt burns under our sore feet. But everyone grins, shouts, and the children's section keeps up a continual racket.

That night forty eviction notices are posted in the patch, and many houses are entered by company dicks. The morning picket is not so long, but only a handful of scabs get through. The patch is on hand for the mass meeting.

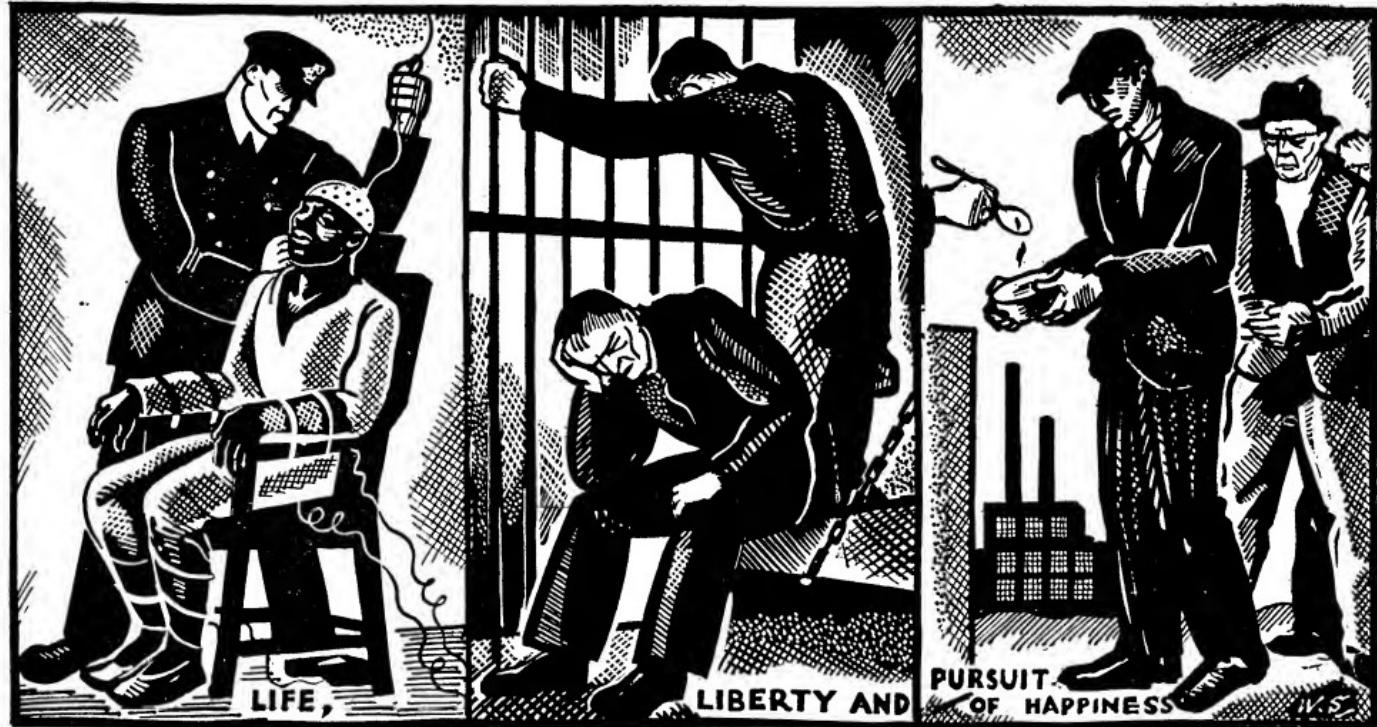
Slim, a mountaineer type throws down his coat and shakes his fist over his head. "Any man what'll stand by and see his children starving and do nothing is a low-down—." Pointing upward he cries, "God above owes us a living." In the next breath, shaking aloft a *Daily Worker* he cries in the same voice, "Miners, here, read this, the workingman's Bible."

To some extent Slim is typical of the change going on among hundreds of striking miners. "We're agin Lewis and the operators and 'll go down fighting for our National Union." But they frequently add, "we ain't Bolsheviks or nothing like that." "We ain't red, but our blood's red," others declare. A considerable and growing number state "Sure I'm red. Red's what the bosses don't like. But it's good for the miner and working man."

Whatever their political beliefs, the 40,000 miners and their wives and children now striking in Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio under the banner of the National Miners' Union, are consciously following its leadership. Even government investigators have admitted this. The miners feel this is their own union. It is they who are building and running it.

The possibilities of the situation are tremendous. It is probably the turning point in the history of American labor. Crippled by their misleaders for the last decade and more, coal-diggers are now coming back—this time under leadership they can trust. They say grimly: "It's better to die fighting than starve to death."

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR "INDEPENDENCE DAY" ON—



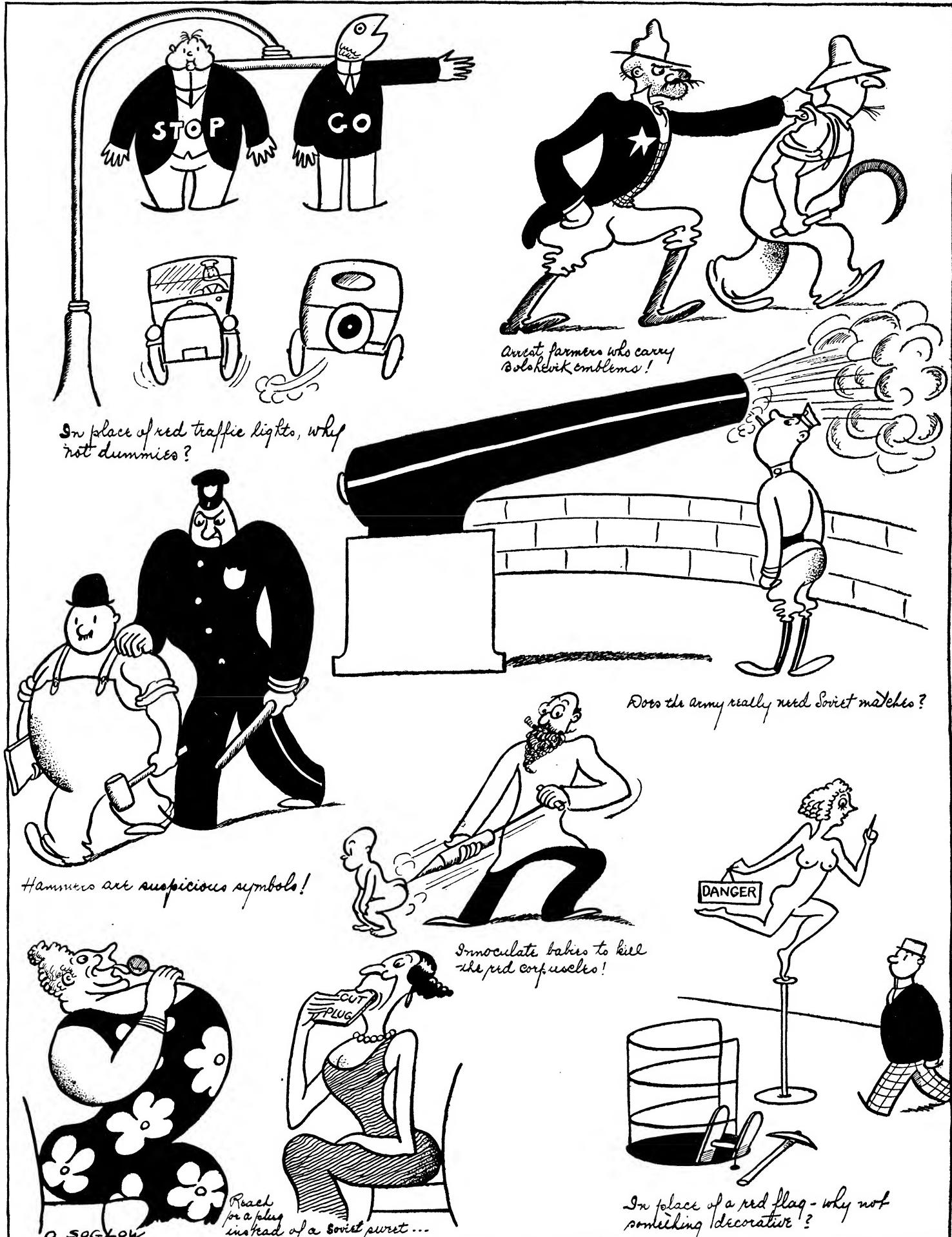
SCOTTSBORO

MOONEY & BILLINGS

William Siegel
THE UNEMPLOYED

SAVE THE COUNTRY FROM THE REDS!

The Daughters of the American Revolution, a patriotic group in Wichita, Kansas, a Boston professor and various patriotic bodies, are leading a campaign against the use of red lights, red danger flags, Soviet matches, Soviet candy and the Soviet emblem.—News Item.



Drawn in a spasm of 4th of July fervor by Otto Soglow

ED FALKOWSKI

FIVE YEAR PLAN TEMPO

Charkhov—

Dusty and grimy after a hot day's tramp around Tractorstroï, the end of the day saw us seated in a coach Moscow-bound. My companion was a professor of international affairs in Charkhov University, a tall, thin man whose clear blue eyes shone kindly out of a ruddy face topped with graying hair. "The new Tractorstroï" he said, "will not repeat the mistakes of Stalingrad. Our engineers are making special studies of the organizational defects in the other plant. Stalingrad has become a warning instead of a slogan. But we are learning. Stalingrad, for all its deficiencies, is beginning to turn out tractors in mass quantities. Turned out 90 the other day."

He spoke with the measured enthusiasm of a man who is aware of the value of statements.

"Capitalist reporters write about the terrific pace of life in the Soviet Union as if it threatened to exhaust the vitality of Soviet workers long before the Plan will be completed," I remarked. "Some even assert that the Five Year Plan must be followed by a year of relaxation so to speak, when workers will forget the call of the tempo and rest up after their exertions. Do you think there is anything to this talk of 'rhythm'?"

His eyes sparkled. "They don't see the point," he said. "The present period is the most difficult. Once our foundations are built in the heavy industries, the rest will be much easier. To begin with, there will be sufficient products available to meet the needs of the entire population. Our light industries will pick up. The reporters forget to perceive that the next Five Year Plan will be much easier for this very reason."

"The very desire of the workers to gratify their needs will inspire the next Five Year Plan with an enthusiasm every bit as great as at present."

"Soviet engineers are seeing farther into the future. They are the real poets of Socialist Construction. Dniepostroï a few years ago was ridiculed by the world as a foolish dream. But in a year from now it will be a finished project, and will feed new streams of power to Soviet industries. No, Dniepostroï concerns us no longer. We talk now of Volgastroï, and larger projects. Chelabinsk, Magnitogorsk, Sibmashstroï—these are among the new giants growing up to make our land a land of plenty for all the people."

The train clattered along through the spacious miles of Ukraine. Distant villages gazed at the railroad tracks, their primeval

huts at contrast with the smokestacks that rose like immense candleabra out of their midst, flowering at the top into soot. They were losing their ancient timidity, their inherent fear of "civilization." The hoots of passing trains, the churning of factory wheels were no longer strange to them, no longer startled the peasants in the fields, nor scared the horses. Russia, after centuries of languid stupor and decay was awakening.

"There!" cried the professor with the delight of a child, pointing to a distance of tumbling hills covered with grass, "See those tripods? Underneath are rich deposits of magnetic ores. We are opening up new mines here." Further on he called my attention to mountains of chalk, of vitreous sand, to a round-house abustle with gruff engines hissing impatiently for the iron trail. Everywhere I saw the future—the Tomorrow toward which this great land is striving, struggling, giving its nights and its days in a fever of effort. A world with a purpose. What wouldn't the tens of millions of outcasts spurted out at the exhaust pipes of capitalist economy to starve in the streets—what wouldn't they give just to be here, settling these immense acres, filled with the abundant joy of a new world, a new life . . . a Tomorrow toward which they could look forward with hope and confidence?

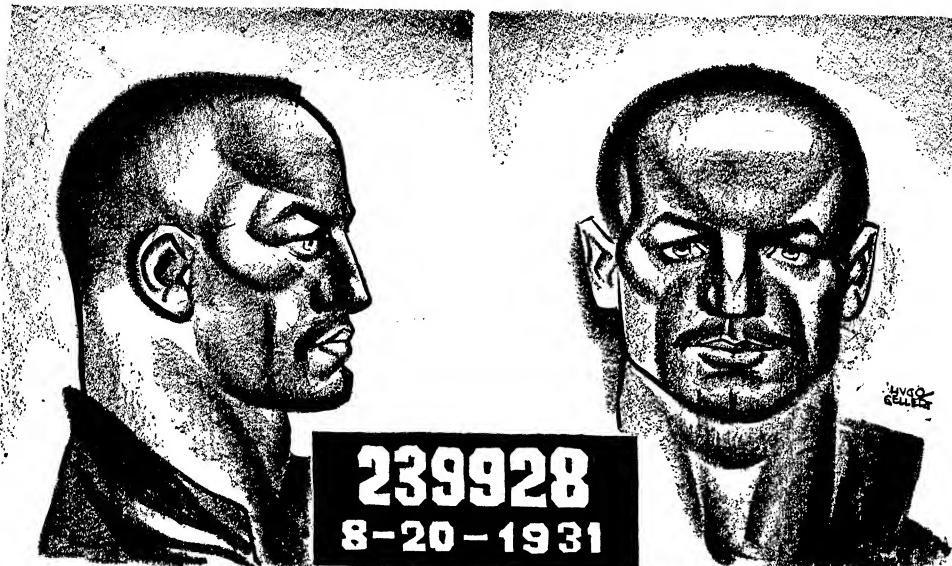
Moscow—

The German writers are here again. Germany is not far from a revolution. Its best red writers come here again and again to see what is happening, to take back to Germany some of the enthusiasm generated by the revolution. Here are Piscator, Kisch, Greunburg, Weinert, Dr. Wolfe—scarcely known in America as yet, but significant figures on the horizon of German letters. In the marble hall of the Moscow Soviet building a literary evening is held for the German workers of whom there must be around 1000 in Moscow alone. (Next month over 2000 German coal miners will arrive here from the Ruhr district to work). The hall is packed. Although nearly 9 o'clock the summer sun thrusts long afternoon gleams into the hall. Men, women, children have come to hear the writers.

First to address the crowd is Erwin Piscator himself whose timid, dapper figure, almost that of a boy, belies his revolutionary notoriety. Piscator greets the audience in a few simple words, reads in his thin voice out of his book *The Political Theatre* outlining the struggle which followed the betrayal of the workers in Germany during the revolution and the aesthetic forms which

were a result. Piscator's theatre is always in the limelight: well could he amend the famous Dantean quotation to read: "Expect Police Clubs All Ye Who Enter Here," and nail it to the entrance of his playhouse. For no theatre has come into more frequent skirmishes with the batons of the law than Piscator's. Piscator is one of those rare theatrical producers who believe that the function of the theatre is largely political—not to act as opiate to the few but as eye-opener to the many. In an age and country where eye-opening comes under special police ban one can easily enough infer the "smooth" sailing of the Piscatorian theatre.

Piscator was followed by Karl Greunburg, tall and haggard, who apparently shaves his head as well as his face. Greunburg's masterpiece, *The Burning Ruhr* deals with the Kapp Putsch which, grim interlude in the workers' struggle for power, for a time smeared Ruhr's black cities with the brilliant scarlet of proletarian blood. He was followed by Kisch whose dry, limpid humor has become classic. Kisch is heralded as "the father of modern proletarian reporting" compressing into his brief sketches his subject in a terse, lusty manner which laughs



Hugo Gellert

According to the Cheeneey Anti-Alien bill just passed in the state of Michigan, foreign born workers must be finger-printed and photographed like common criminals. Such photographs from the rogues gallery of the czar, of Lenin and other revolutionary leaders, can now be seen in the museum of the revolution in Moscow.



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as it damns. A chunky man slightly below middle height, a dab of mustache sprouting under his fleshy nose, his eyes beaming humorously, he read his sketch with gusto to the ringing applause of the audience.

Weinert followed, a plump, pallid young man immaculately dressed, with a voice like the beating of drums. Weinert's verse has in it all the sweeping tempestuous rhythms of the proletarian revolt. One hears the drumbeats, the blares, the cries. Every line quivers with supreme defiance, is hurled challengingly at the feet of the masters. Weinert is the voice of the militant workers—the verbal satirist of all that is sublimely ridiculous in the Germany of today. He is the mass-poet, not of the reach perhaps of Mayakovski, but closer to the life of the toilers, not influenced by the Bohemia of his time. Germany is the only other country besides Russia where proletarian poets thunder the discontent of the submerged nine-tenths without being smudged with "bohemianism," the flair for bizarre exhibitionism and "self expression." Poetry is a serious matter when it is forged like canon in the grim foundry of economic despair.

Dr. Frederich Wolfe, whose *Cyankali* has seen the Berlin footlights 120 times last winter—a play fighting the Molochian anti-abortion paragraph 218 which demands its 15 to 20,000 women victims each year, took the stage next. A vigorous middle-aged man, doctor by profession, he defied the unjust paragraph by continuing his medical practice along the lines of common sense, having assisted in 60 cases. The result was an explosion of indignation in the press. Dr. Wolfe was arrested (together with Frau Dr. Kindler), incarcerated, only the demonstrations of the workers eventually affecting the release of both. Full of his subject, Dr. Wolfe held the audience spell-bound for a good half hour as he read excerpts out of his now famous play which is being produced in Poland, France, Russia, even in Damascus.

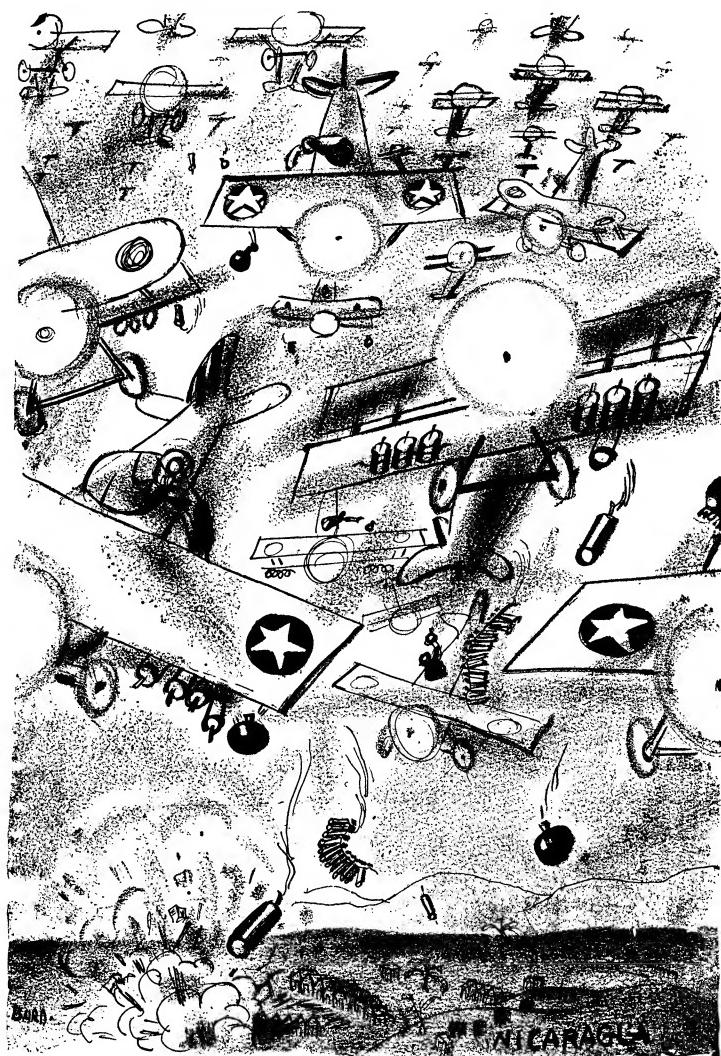
Everybody appreciated the writers, their bullet-cracks at an effete social system, dancing on the verge of doom. Real enough, true. Yet in the Soviet Union one acquires an objective attitude toward this kind of literature. One begins to observe it rather than appreciate it. It touches life here only indirectly, writhings of an inferno, it is true—the Commedia Divina of our pregnant time—but the literature of sabotage, of destruction. It reflects only too faithfully the growing desire of the working masses to revolt, to smash the pattern of their chain-bound destiny in their quest for new life. In Soviet Russia the opposite tendencies are everywhere manifest: the literature and drama of growth, development. Take the recent plays: *Bread*, *Tempo*, *Utopia*, *The First Cavalry*, *The Man with the Portfolio*. Or the poetry of Besymensky or Byedny or Kirschon. It is the songburst of the new spring: May Day lyrics of the proletarian dawn. It becomes increasingly harder, in a sense, for the Soviet public to appreciate fully the foreign literature of revolt since here is a new world rising and even the language it is learning to speak is different from that of decadent capitalist countries.

Donbas—

The end of a dreary day of slogging and creeping through the lamplit coolness of a rainy coal-mine saw us on our way through a sullen shower to the shed built of fresh pine-boards where history was inserting one of its interesting commas into the prose of daily routine. Despite the bellying rain the shed was crowded with expectant men and women—mostly workers of the Kassiorka mine. The stage glowed with crimson banners; purple and green lights flung colorful gleams about the faces of grave-faced men seated behind a long red table.

A delegation of Baku oil workers—earthen-faced Turks among them—had fetched a richly embroidered banner to reward the Donbas mine which won this month's struggle for increased production. Baku had finished its five year program in half the required time. Its workers sent passionate appeals to Donbas miners urging them to increase their tempo. Donbas is one of the weak links of Soviet industrialization. Mining is, after all, skilled work despite its depreciation in capitalist countries. The miners here have not yet mastered the trade. But they struggle, sacrifice, sweat. They stop at no extreme to feed Soviet boilers with the essential black vitamines.

The mines were in furious competition with one another. Daily the mine papers carried score-boards tallying one mine against another. It may have been a handicap race, but it yielded rising tonnage. Kassiorka, whose shafts grinned just at the edge of the



Phil Bard
U. S. MARINES CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE DAY IN
LATIN AMERICA

surly culm bank, wreathed in steam and glossy with rain, had won the race—for the time being.

"This is a transferable banner," the Baku spokesman reminded them. "When you relax, fall down on production, the banner goes to the next winner. But even should this happen, you should not be discouraged. Fight on! All of us are struggling for the same cause! It is no disgrace to be beaten in noble struggle."

The shed trembled with quaking applause. A band burst into the *Internationale*. Outside, the spring rain dripped. Through the gathering evening mist the raucous shrill of Kassiorka howled about our ears its weird mournful howl. Another shift was being called to work. Yes, Donbas would fight for coal, and Kassiorka would fight to retain its banner of victory.

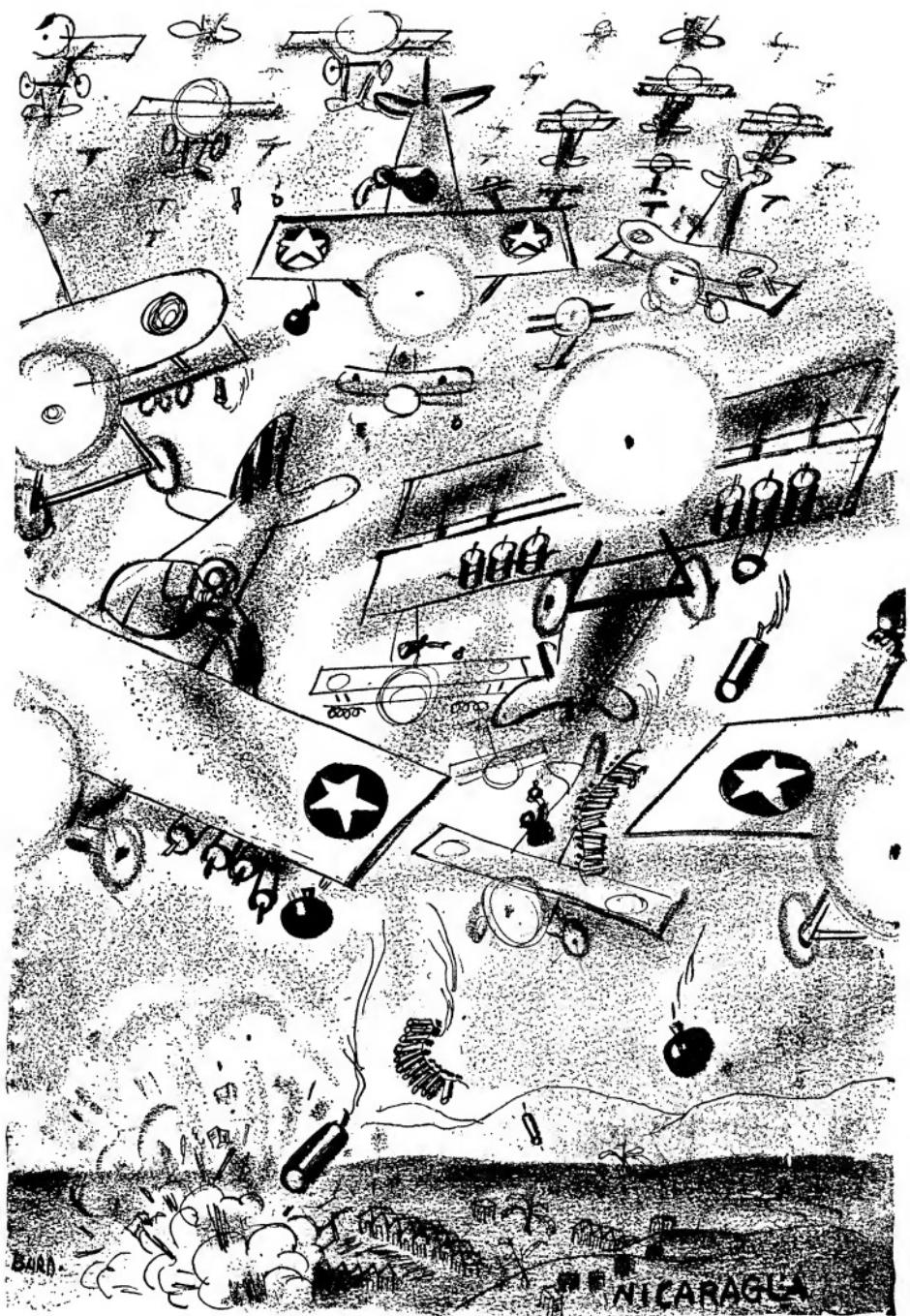
A LETTER FROM HAITI

"Haiti is a hot, tropical little country, all mountains and sea; a lot of marines, mulatto politicians, and a world of black people without shoes—who catch hell."

"The Citadel, twenty miles away on a mountain top, is a splendid lonely monument to the genius of a black king—Christophe. Stronger, vaster, and more beautiful than you could possibly imagine . . . it stands in futile ruin now, the iron cannon rusting, the bronze one turning green, the great passages and deep stairways alive with bats, while the planes of the United States Marines hum daily overhead . . ."

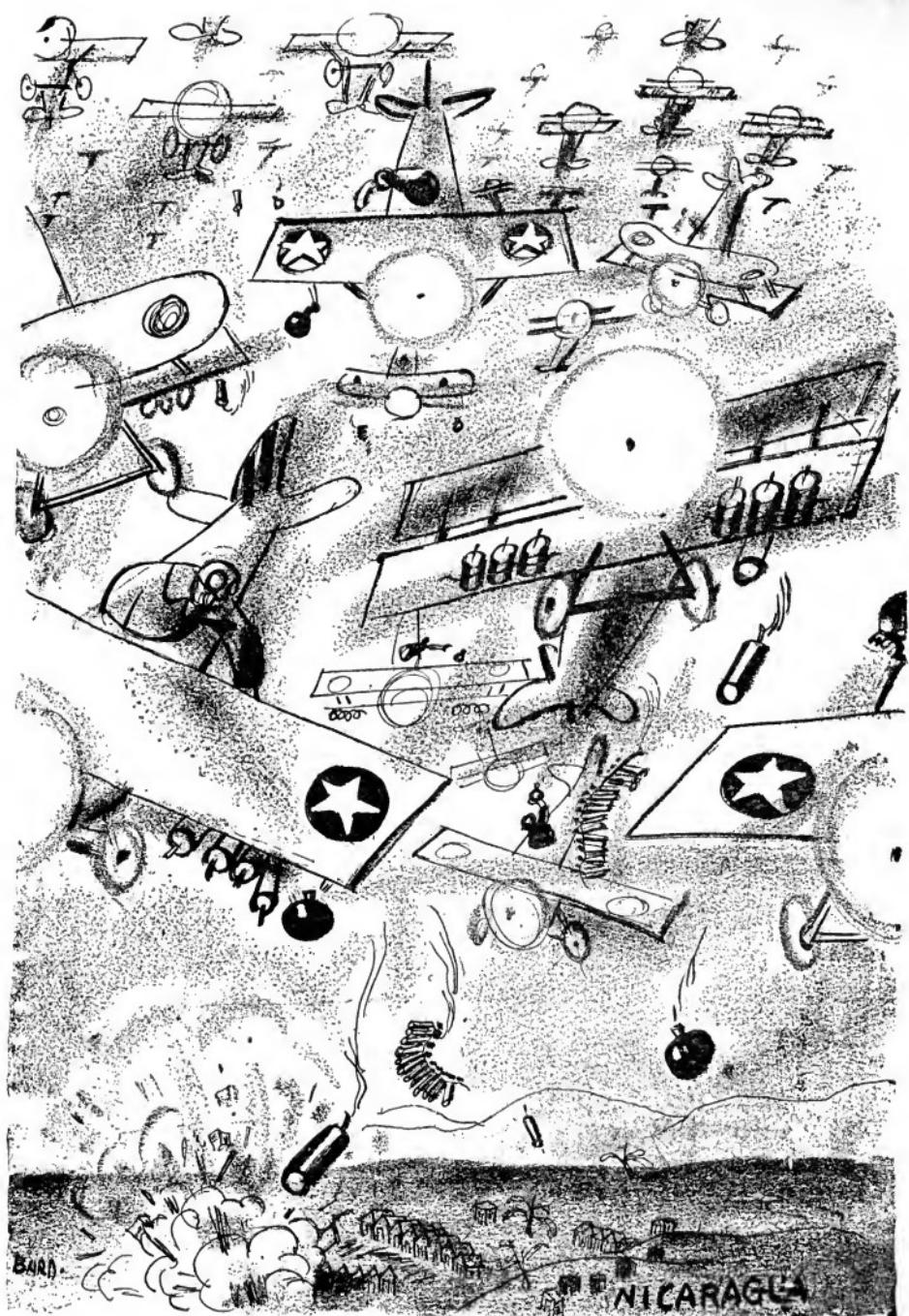
LANGSTON HUGHES

Cap Haitien, Haiti.



Phil Bard

U. S. MARINES CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE DAY IN
LATIN AMERICA



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LATIN AMERICA



ON THE RIDE TO OBLIVION

Walter Steinhilber



ON THE RIDE TO OBLIVION

Walter Steinhilber

JOSEPHINE HERBST**LYNCHING IN THE QUIET MANNER**

The new trial for the eight Negro boys at Scottsboro, Alabama, condemned to die on July 10th, has at this writing been denied. It has now been appealed to the state supreme court. The Jackson County papers are upset at the publicity thrown on this case. They would like everything to run in a nice quiet gentlemanly way. Those well meaning people who wish to depend on "legality" to save these boys, are, whether they are aware of it or not, hand and glove with Jackson County. The South has always been strong for lynching in the quiet manner, without even the confusion of the law. Now that the law is brought in, they would like to see it oiled so that the boys could be shot through to the chair without disturbing anyone's feelings. If you read the transcript of the first trial and particularly the Judge's admonition that there is to be no demonstration, you will be impressed with the legality. It was, from Jackson County's point of view, perfectly legal. Quiet in the courtroom, and outside a brass band playing Dixie to the cheers of thousands in celebration of the verdict of guilty. The trouble with legality is that it has a hundred different interpretations. Legality alone has never been known to accomplish much. Without social pressure it can run in grooves hundreds of years old. Law is supposed to represent the mores of a group and it lags behind several hundred years and is never brought out of its rut without social pressure. The particular handling of the Scottsboro case is a remnant of legal slavery. The Negro has never really emerged from slavery. Conditions of tenant farming, vagrancy laws, chain gangs have conspired to keep him in his place. If legality is going to be his last appeal, he might as well give up.

Legally, the Negro is penalized all over this country, north and south. He can't beat the law game when it is interpreted by white men still dominated by a slave owner's code. The Negro may run a better chance in the north but only because the north never depended on the Negro for its big labor supply. The Negro wasn't as necessary in the north when there was a steady stream from Europe of Wops, Bohunks, Micks and Polacks. The south has never got over the Civil War. Down there you may still hear youngsters talk about the war and wonder what war. Why, the Civil War. They are still fighting it. In the mind of the South, the Negro has never got past his Civil War status. The first laws concerning the Negro were made when slavery was introduced in this country and those laws, in different forms, still exist. They are still there to guarantee Negro labor in the south.

Jackson County is stepping lightly in this case. They expect, if given time, things will quiet down. Then the legal machinery can roll on quietly to their satisfaction. But they are fooled. The longer it is postponed the louder will be the protest.

Left to legality, the superstition of rape would finish off these boys in the chair. The testimony of the alleged victim, Victoria Price, conflicts with itself. Her version of the affair is a gaudy one. A knife was at her throat and twelve Negroes all brandishing knives and guns leaped over the side of the gondola at her. Although her mouth is smothered by a hand or arm and she is almost beside herself she manages to keep track of the boys and to identify them in the order they vanquished her. Out of the corner of an eye she also takes in the customers of Ruby Bates, her fellow traveler. Such an all seeing eye dumbfounds one. It isn't to be believed. And it confutes itself the next day when she admits she cannot identify the boys in the order of their attack. She isn't even sure of Ruby's customers. Her ears have sharpened, however, because on the first trial she hears one shot; on the second, seven. She betrays herself with slips of the tongue. Denying that she ever saw the white boys in the gondola before, and ever spoke to them, she yet calls one of them by name. "Thurman" she says, "saw the Negro grab me as he went over the side of the car." It is for these women, established as prostitutes, who were not overpowered or hysterical, according to the doctor's report, but merely talkative, that eight Negro boys were legally condemned to die.

The Nation comes more or less halfheartedly to the defense of the case. It wants a gentlemanly defense. If this were a "just" world there would be a good deal to say for that. Depending on legal machinery is continuing to trust where trust is no longer

justified. It was all very legal in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Whatever reprieves Mooney has won were got by working class protest and a wave of public sentiment that started in time to save him at least from the chair. It is too late to be polite in cases of this kind. The law is not abstract, impartially arbitrating between conflicting social classes; it is a tool in the hands of those who govern.

The N.A.A.C.P. (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) have complicated matters by refusing to cooperate in the defense. Because they are largely subsidized by upper class money they pretend to smell a rat in the I.L.D. defense. They claim that the case is only being made into Communist material; and rather than pollute themselves they confuse the boys on trial and reduce the issue to one of petty squabbles. Eugene Gordon, Negro writer, comes out with a strong statement against this process. "The N.A.A.C.P. no longer exists for the advancement or the advantage of the lowly Negro."

Some say this is not a labor case, but these boys were on the move because their families were poor and they had no work. The whole race problem in the south is first of all economic. It is his position as a laborer that forces him back into the legal status of a slave. The ignorance and poverty which *The Nation* so deplores is an economic problem. It isn't a mystical one. The Negro worker is ignorant and poor because it has seemed to be an economic advantage to keep him that way.

Mrs. Wright, mother of two of the boys, may be poor, and she may even be ignorant but character and fortitude she certainly has. Her husband has been dead for seven years. She leaves the house every morning at quarter past five and gets home at half past seven. For this, she gets \$6 a week. It was lately raised from \$5. She is very tired when she gets home and doesn't cook much, just opens a can of something. It isn't so healthy but there is very little money. Carfare costs so much. This winter things were pretty bad. The boys couldn't get a thing to do. Then her daughter came home. They were on a farm and it was closed out on them. She and her husband came to live in their house. Of course, she brought along a lot of canned stuff, and that was as good as money, and she brought along her own meat. Yes, she brought a pig weighing 135 pounds and that was fine all right. But they soon ate that and he couldn't find work. Her six dollars, five at first, didn't go far. Her boy, that's Andy, he said he just wished he'd get work so she could sit her down. He says, I just wish you could sit you down. But there weren't no work and so him and Roy said they would go to Memphis and maybe find some.

That's the way the two boys left home. Then one day she was on her way to the five fifteen car and her sister that lives near the carline came out with the paper. "Where's your boys, Ada?"

"Why my boys are in Memphis," I says.

"No, Ada, your boys ain't in Memphis," and she hands me the paper. I read it and I just says, "Well, well, well." I couldn't think of another word.

Of course these boys didn't get much schooling. One went to the third grade, the other got as far as the sixth. The other eight boys have similar stories. They are, as *The Nation* says, poor and ignorant.

The Wright boys sometimes teased to go to a movie and then their mother says to them, well if you boys want to go without your supper, you can go, I can't afford supper and movies, and then the boys would go without their supper. It was either supper or movies and they didn't get to the movies often, because they were always hungry.

The legal machinery is very rusty in the south with its traditions of slavery, its superstitions and its fears. It will take more than that to save these boys. It will take what Jackson County is afraid of, working class protest, the pitiless eye of publicity, that will expose, evidence for evidence, the flimsiness of the case against them, that will not only show up the evidence but the mob psychology aroused, stimulated and constantly exploited by the governing classes of this country.

MICHAEL [GOLD]

TOWARD AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY CULTURE

Capitalist propaganda does not need to be obvious, but it is always there. It is present in every short story, every piece of newspaper reporting, every advertisement, child's primer, popular jazz song. There are definite values, fixed attitudes toward love, money, friendship, war, industry. Break the unwritten laws of capitalist art, if you are a writer; transgress any of the unformulated values, and you will soon find it impossible to be printed.

Examine the newspapers of a capitalist land. Their columns are generally filled with accounts of sport, sex and crime. A chaste, solemn newspaper like the *New York Times*; the most serious and thorough newspaper in this country, feels it necessary to give pages and pages, hundred-thousand gobs of words of the lurid testimony in some cheap murder like the Snider-Gray case. How many acres of giant trees have been destroyed in the northern forests to be ground up into paper on which millions of words would be printed about some adolescent's golf prowess, or some other moron's boxing ability.

Half a million men are out of work in New York. Thousands of families sit in dingy tenements, living on dry bread and tea. The souplines grow longer. Suicides jump from windows or turn on the gas. It is the worst year this "imperial" city has ever seen. But the newspapers play it down. They print very little about the great debacle in which hundreds of lives are lost, in which thousands of hearts are broken. But with what slavering glee they print reams and reams of copy when a little oversexed nonentity of a Greenwich Village flapper is found dead!

They say the people want it. But the people do not want it. Cocaine peddlers have the same alibi—they say people want it. The coke fiend does not "want it"—he has had the misfortune to form a terrible habit, and instead of helping cure him, certain shrewd businessmen keep him in bondage. The people want news—they read newspapers—it is a normal taste—but the capitalists who own newspapers have fastened the habit of cheap crime and sports news upon the people. Mass degradation pays—it forms a habit—the slaves demand their daily dope—it is given to them by the Hearst and Scripps coke-peddlers—by the tabloids.

In Soviet Russia there are ten million newspapers sold every day—and not one contains a word of crime news—The people do not want crime news, they would never learn the habit if there were not shrewd, high-powered intellectuals like Scripps or Hearst to force the habit on them.

If a big newspaper in New York paid as much attention, every day to unemployment as it does to sport and crime, it would be considered a revolutionary paper.

Yes, there is a capitalist culture. Its main purpose is to dope the masses; keep them childish; fill their minds with any nonsense that will divert them from thinking. The priests of this culture are not aware, mostly, of their part in this work of mass-stupefaction; but this makes them only the better suited for the work. Except for the liberals, who recognize the weakness of capitalism, and want to save it from itself, most of the cogs in the capitalist machine are faithful robots. It is not a conspiracy, it is something worse.

It is necessary to form a workers' culture to offset the poisons of the capitalist culture. The masses are hypnotized; our duty is to wake them. Only a few short years ago some of the leaders of the revolutionary movement in this country rather sneered at all this talk of a "workers' culture." It was considered Bohemian chatter having no relation to strikes or the other practical necessities of the movement. Only one form of culture was recognized; education of the workers in economics.

The old Socialist movement was always reactionary. It denied any Marxian theory of culture! it accepted the capitalist values here as elsewhere. Examine the curriculum

of a "Socialist" institution like the Rand School. All the courses are given by weak-sisterly and lame duck liberals; the faculty would be acceptable to any capitalist college.

The old I. W. W. had no use for any kind of culture; they were misled by the porkchop philosophy which regarded the worker only as an economic unit; the same figment the manchester capitalists once created—economic man.

But great days have come upon the proletariat since the war. They have taken over, in the Soviet Union, one sixth of the world's surface and are building up the workers' new world. Socialism has passed there from theory into practice. In this process it has been discovered that culture is a weapon of Communist construction. The cultural program is the keystone of the Soviet society. It is the purpose of the revolution. The revolution takes first things first; it socializes the land and the machine so that there is bread and peace for all; no masters, no gods, no slaves. Then the next step is the building of the new Communist man; a social environment is created in which from his childhood the man works for others, and with others, and with his very subconscious repudiates competition, jealousy, mad ambition, ruthlessness and personal inflation; all the vaunted values of a capitalist society.

It was not a problem of stimulating a new school of writing or music in the limited intellectual groups. Everything that affected the mind of the working masses had to be overhauled. You cannot build Communism with masses whose emotions are still of the capitalist world—who are superstitious, or romantic, or mystic—who have not been penetrated in every fibre with the emotional habits of Communism.

Certain theorists, have held that this Communist culture can only be built after the proletariat has taken the state power. But here again life has confounded some of the theorists. A proletarian culture is definitely being born in such far-flung places as China, Japan, Germany. In China, for instance, each regiment of the Red Army has its own theatrical troupes, and when a city is taken, these groups get into action in all the theatres and marketplaces. Their plays are simple, graphic lessons in Communism, and leave a profound effect on the masses. In Japan the whole modern literature is torn by a struggle between two schools of writings; the capitalist and the proletarian. The young giant, despite persecution, danger and death, has grown to be equal stature with his favored capitalist rival. The Japanese live by literature; and in no other country today, is there perhaps a richer proletarian fiction and poetry reflecting the intimate life and struggles of the masses.

Germany is better known to us, and there we can see a rising proletarian culture that seems second only to that developed in the Soviet Union. There is a national federation of workers' culture with millions of adherents. The movement has its own big movie studios, its own sport stadiums, hundreds of magazines and newspapers, workers' book clubs with thousands of members, hundreds of theatre groups, choral societies, brass bands, symphony orchestras, science leagues, leagues of worker-atheists. Anyone visiting Germany today needs no argument as to the powerful place this cultural work has had in cementing the ranks of the German revolution. The German worker, within the shell of the old, has built a new world for himself. There is nothing in capitalism that can draw him away from a perfect solidarity with his own comrades. His every emotional and mental need is met by the revolutionary movement.

We have learned to understand, in America and England, that if you take a working-class youth and educate him in a capitalist college, he is generally lost to the revolution. The labor college was designed to fight this danger. But what we have not

yet learned is that if you do not fight the influence of capitalist sports, moving pictures, newspapers, science, literature, you are losing the workers, too.

One of the great problems in the American revolutionary movement has been for decades the same. It is the immense turnover that constantly goes on. There have been endless strikes, revolts, mass movements; they flare up, attract thousands of loyal and fearless workers for a time, then die down, leaving seemingly nothing after the excitement.

The workers' cultural movement is the solution to this serious American problem. It is not enough to lead the workers in strikes. It is also necessary to educate them; to make a permanent contact with them and to hold them by satisfying their deepest instincts.

For many years, in the *New Masses*, we have been preaching the importance of cultural work. Several years ago we made the first step in a practical direction by devoting two pages every month to reports of cultural work already going on. For it actually existed in this country. It had grown up spontaneously, breaking against all the barriers of indifference. It had proved its own right to life by daring to live. It was a real working-class phenomenon.

On June 14th last, in New York City, there was held the first convention of workers' culture groups. There were 265 delegates, representing 130 organizations in the metropolitan area, and speaking for some 20,000 workers. Here it was at last. Here was the first demonstration in America that the revolution had advanced beyond the primitive propaganda method of the soap-box.

In the variety of the organizations represented, one caught a flash of an immense new world. There were 19 dramatic groups, 12 groups devoted to the study of literature, and 31 delegates of workers' schools, labor colleges and other educational groups. There were two proletarian dance groups, and six husky young delegates from a workers' sports league. Ten large choral societies sent delegates, and eight came to speak for the brass bands and symphony orchestras that have been formed among the New York workers.

Two photo groups; two Esperanto delegates; various advocates of workers' movies; groups of proletarian writers and artists; Lithuanian and Finnish workers' book clubs; a proletarian publishing house; several magazines, a labor research bureau; the educational clubs formed by Latin-American workers, Negroes, Hungarians, Swedes, Jews, Russians, Ukrainians, Japanese, Germans, Cubans, and other nations dwelling in the world of New York—

And the left wing intellectuals were represented ably in the persons of John Dos Passos, and the editors of four literary magazines: *The Left*, *Morada*, *Front*, *Nativity* and the *New Masses* as well as delegates from the Rebel Poets. There were also student delegates from New York University and City College, and a delegate from a teachers' group. And the Trade Union Unity League sent a delegate, with greetings from that organization and from 30,000 striking miners in the coalfields of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

Some 30 delegates took part in the discussion; they talked seriously and to the point on the practical problems. There were many projects outlined: for the organization of thousands of workers into a book club; for the extension of the theatrical work into factories and mines; for the building up of orchestras and brass bands; for the work among Negroes and the defense of the Soviet Union against the threats of war.

Many problems touched upon; for the work is immense and only begun. For instance, there are many theatrical groups, but they



THE CHURCH FACES ANOTHER CRISIS

Adolf Dehn

need direction badly, and they need plays. There are many singing societies; one, the Freiheit Chorus with a membership of 300, which sings the most complicated chorals. But there are no new workers' songs and music being written in this country.

It was all the beginning. There will be a national convention to be held in November, in conjunction with the 14th anniversary of the Russian Revolution, and it will form a national federation of the culture groups.

Such a federation will be of immense value. The groups are isolated now from each other, and from the movement. Direction and unity are the great need. Meanwhile, the organization will proceed, and reports of its progress will be printed in the *New Masses*.

The Workers Cultural Federation

The close connection of the new Workers Cultural Federation with the workers revolutionary movement as a whole was symbolized at the conference on June 14, by the simple red drop curtain behind the presidium on the platform which bore in English letters the slogan: "Workers of the world unite!" The delegates were impressed by six poster-paintings done by William Gropper and Morris Pass dealing with various phases of the revolutionary struggle. Placards on the walls of the conference hall carried such slogans as: "Culture must be rooted in the broad masses", "Defend the Soviet Union!", "Support the Miners' Strike", etc.

The conference elected the following presidium: William Gropper, Alexander Trachtenberg, R. B. Glassford, Michael Gold, K. Marmor, J. Shafer, A. B. Magil, Harry Allan Potamkin, and T. H. Li. An honorary presidium was also chosen, including Maxim Gorki, N. Krupskaya, William Z. Foster, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Langston Hughes, Upton Sinclair, Ludwig Renn, Henri Barbusse, Lo Hsun, Tomas and Bela Illes.

A national executive board was elected, to meet at least once a month. This board will create a special bureau to meet at least once a week. The executive board was instructed to call a nationwide conference of all revolutionary cultural organizations in the United States on November 4, 5 and 6, on the eve of the fourteenth anniversary of the October Revolution. In connection with this conference, it is planned to hold a proletarian Olympiad of the Arts, in which revolutionary, theatrical, musical, dance and art groups will compete. The November conference will organize a nationwide workers cultural federation.



John Phillips

LET'S COP THE DOUGH BY GOD!



HOLY TRINITY

John Phillips



Adolf Dehn
Adolf Dehn

THE CHURCH FACES ANOTHER CRISIS

EUGENE GORDON

THE NEGRO'S NEW LEADERSHIP

Until today it has been axiomatic with the Aframerican since his socalled emancipation that no white man lives whom black men may trust as one trusts a comrade. "You can't trust no white man no time," the Negro worker said. They taught their children to say it. "It don't make no difference how much of a friend a white man makes out he is," they said; "soon's he gets what he's after he's all through with you." Thus white man in the United States, boss or worker, has been looked upon by the black worker as a double-crosser, a hypocrite, and a liar. The Negro's own duplicity when dealing with whites was excused on the grounds of justifiable retaliation. "Never give a white man no quarter," they said, "because he won't give *you* none—'ceptin' to get a stronger hold on your throat."

This doctrine of justifiable retaliation has been widely disseminated and closely adhered to. It has been bolstered up by the ruling class both of the North and of the South. The ruling class's ideology of Nordic supremacy has engendered in the white workers distrust of the Negro; in the Negro worker it has built up complexes of inferiority and defeatism. Shut out of unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, the black workers have been driven back upon themselves. You who have seen cattle herded into a small corral know how they swirl concentrically upon themselves until the center is a mealstrom of locked horns and legs. There seems to be no way out; there seems to be no way of disentangling themselves. The state of the Negro worker was similar to that of the cattle. There was leadership for them neither within among the blacks nor without among the whites. Even if the whites had proffered them a leadership the blacks would doubtless have scorned it.

Negro leadership immediately following the civil war was almost completely in the hands of illiterate and ignorant gospel shouters. Black ministers who dominate that field today are fully as ignorant, if somewhat more literate. Previously to his "emancipation" the black man had had a leadership of equally illiterate and ignorant white preachers. Perched in the lofts of the white master's church, the black slave listened to sermons concocted as a virus to deaden his desire for freedom, to give him delusions of grandeur concerning the white masters, and to stupefy him with complacency and self-satisfaction. "Obey your masters," they were told, "and great will be your reward in heaven." They learned that as black slaves they were destined forever to create wealth not for themselves but for men and women who held work to be a special device of the gods to degrade the blacks and keep them in their place.

In those days of white-preacher leadership there were "conservative" Negroes who, like their descendants today, yelped madly when the "radicals" among them grumbled about their degradation and hailed the day when the black worker would get the benefit of his toil. These "conservatives" damned the irresponsible young radicals as a menace to the peaceful relations and the fine sense of understanding that existed between master and slave. They threatened to expose the soreheads who did not know when they were well off. There was no lynching in those days, and for the reason that a black man was property. To kill a black worker who belonged to a neighbor was to destroy private property, and to destroy private property was then as now a crime. Thus the black worker was safe from the lynchers. It was not until he became a free man that the black worker's life was endangered by the rope and torch of the plantation owners. Perhaps the Robert Russa Motons and the Kelly Millers of the slavery era were shrewd enough to vision the problems emancipation would create. So they exhorted the slaves to be content and loyal. Just as Robert Russa Moton and Kelly Miller are content with the *status quo* today. But "freedom" came, in spite of them, and with it a new leadership arose. It came from the churches and its purpose was to show the direction, to furnish guidance, to encourage.

It did all three. Most Negro preachers of that day were like most of them now—cunning, shrewd, and crooked. Their cunningness, shrewdness, and crookedness seemed to increase in direct ratio to their literacy. Among them were conscious and uncon-

scious, willing and unwilling, tools of the masters, and they executed the orders their masters issued. It was a venal leadership. The direction it pointed was lost in a maze of "spiritual" superstition and capitalistic ideology; the guidance it afforded was a check upon and a preventive of revolutionary thinking and acting; the encouragement was all to the effect that the black man would continue to be an inferior until he could become a parasite like his master.

When the leadership was not immediately dictated by the white ruling class, it nevertheless reflected the ideology of that class. To work with the hands was the degradation god almighty stamped upon the slave. The well born—the gentlemen and their ladies—did not work. Therefore every "po' white" and every ambitious black who hoped some day to attain the class of the well born, to be a gentleman or a lady, shied away from working with the hands and studied like hell to "better" themselves: they became doctors, lawyers, school teachers, preachers, politicians, editors, and small business men. Their ideal was wealth and idleness, with illiterate blacks to wait on them. "Better your condition," the leadership advised; which implied: "Rise above these common blacks so you can have someone to look down on. The Negro can't have a higher class if there isn't a lower class." The leadership encouraged individualism of a roughshod and ruthless kind: scheme, connive, double-cross, crush. Climb to the top on the thick skulls of these stupid blacks who worship you because they see in you a reflection of their white masters.

This ideology was not confined to the "spiritual" leadership. It pervaded the atmosphere breathed by the professional man, business man, and politician. It stimulated the growth of the petty bourgeoisie which today is as close to the working class that supports them, in aims and in sympathy, as Seventh avenue is to Lenox. A chasm lies between the two classes, and those at the top are frenziedly digging to make the chasm wider. They have come to boast of the purity of their society, dilating upon the necessity of cleansing it of all traces of actual workers. One New York Negro newspaper may be cited as typical of the black capitalist attitude toward the common man and woman. The New York *Amsterdam News* carries this box at the head of its society column:

"The more exclusive the society, the more possessed its members should be of good character and integrity—worthwhile endeavor and achievement.

The careful host or hostess excludes from social functions persons of disreputable character, menials, and those possessed of ill-gotten gains."

Anyone who knows anything about Negro "society" is aware that if all those who possess "ill gotten gains,"—i.e., numbers kings, gamblers, small stock market manipulators, lawyers, politicians, preachers, to suggest just a few,—were kicked out, there would be no "society." There would be so few left that it would die of its own inertia.

The leadership to which the masses of black workers has had to look has been weak, vacillating, hypocritical, ignorant, venal, and self-seeking. It is all these things in its very nature. It could not be anything else and exist as a part of the capitalist system and a defender of that system. Take Harlem again. The Negro physicians, lawyers, politicians, hair-straighteners, newspaper editors, and feature-story writers don't give a damn for the groping black hundreds of thousands who live from five to ten in a single room, who walk the streets in search of work, whose garbage is left to decay in the hallways and the dumbwaiter shafts, whose children are underfed and ill, and who squirm under the heel of the rapacious landlord. If they cared would they run from them as if from pestilence, seeking always to "better" themselves while leaving these others to make out as best they can—or not make out at all? Would they have grabbed possession of the Dunbar apartments, which were said originally to be intended for workers? Would they be today the prostitutes who sell all they have—the Harlem which they protest so much to love!—to every degenerate parasite who comes seeking a thrill? This leadership



SLICING A SMALL PORTION A LITTLE THINNER

William Gropper

is the kind that the Negro has been afflicted with. But he is beginning at last to open his eyes. He is beginning to see that these "big" Negroes are not concerned about him and his future. He is beginning to see that some white men may honestly wish to help him. He is discovering, to his dazed bewilderment, that a new leadership is beckoning to him.

When the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was founded and it announced its program of fighting for the rights of the under-privileged, the black masses of the country thought they had at last discovered a leadership they could follow with absolute trust. But, although these workers did not know it, the NAACP was, after all, a ditch-straddling body which depended for sustenance on the whims of rich and dotty liberals. The organization was no freer, therefore, to condemn the system upon which its capitalist supporters battered than the Negro preacher out of slavery was to fly in the face of conditions which kept the "freedmen" peons. The system which in both cases brutalized the workers also fed, pampered, petted, and flattered the men it picked to mislead the workers. In its early days the NAACP frequently did things which were almost daring; but its most daring performance was simply a compromise. However, a compromise, Negro leaders in the South tell us, is better than a surrender, and the NAACP has finally admitted surrendering completely. It is no longer the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, but the Nicest Association for the Advantage of Certain Persons. It has as much to do with the black masses of workers and share-croppers as any similar group of scented, spatted, caned, and belly-filled white parasites have to do with the white masses. It is ultra-nice, ultra-respectable, and ultra-fastidious. It has a reputation to preserve, so it cannot afford to be seen in company with dirty reds or other radicals, no matter what the common end is supposed to be.

This dainty withdrawing from an organization because it is composed of common workers has done more than any other one tendency of the NAACP to reveal its true character to the Negro masses. Observing its aloof and grudging "help," the Negro worker recalls suddenly that there has never before been a body of men who, white and black, actually fought for the most degraded black man in the country. The Negro masses have of late been stirred to enthusiasms by the action of the International

Labor Defense, the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, and the Communist Party of America in going to the very stench-hole of American capitalist class hatred and challenging the thugs and lynchers on their own ground. Seeing all this, the black workers remember the incident of the NAACP secretary in Texas, some years ago who, caught pussyfooting by thugs hired by Texas bosses to get him out of the state, was beaten and chased to the railroad station. They remember the letter of resignation this NAACP official wrote, in which he asserted that he saw no hope of securing the Negro's rights through the means his organization was pursuing. They remember their feeling of despair when they read his wail of defeat; a wail which implied that if others wished to risk their hides for the sake of "common niggers," let them; he certainly didn't intend to do so any more.

Then Negro workers think of the countless times Communists have been beaten insensible for defending the Negro workers, yet have gone from the hospital right into the fight again. They remember the white men who were tried and convicted in the USSR, and remember the trial in New York of a white worker who was tried and humiliated for his Jim Crow attitude toward black workers, and humiliated for his Jim Crow attitude toward black workers. They look at the most daring experiment in American journalism, the actual printing of a Communist newspaper in Chattanooga, the heart of the lynching desert, and they are thrilled! They hear of members of the LSNR, white and black, going to eat in an "exclusive" Washington restaurant and wrecking the place when the Negroes in the party are refused service. They see the ILD and the LSNR, supported by the Communist Party, rushing defense to the nine Negro youths at Scottsboro long before any other organization in the country has condescended to glance superciliously in their direction, and they see the loyalty and the staunchness of the men and women who are giving their time and energy and money and talent—everything they have—to save these boys. Seeing and hearing all these things, the Negro worker in the United States would be a fool not to recognize the leadership that he has been waiting for since his "freedom." And the masses of blacks being no fools, they have recognized it and they have begun to accept it. The Negro workers are beginning to understand that such leadership is the only leadership for the man who works, whether he be white or black.

JULY, 1931

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SLICING A SMALL PORTION A LITTLE THINNER

William Gropper

JULY, 1931

15



SLICING A SMALL PORTION A LITTLE THINNER

William Gropper



HOOVER'S 20 YEAR PLAN

Oklahoma Town Clowns

By Jack Spanner

John Watt, new business man chief of police of Oklahoma City, knows that unemployment tends to cause an increase in crime. Hence he ordered "his men" to begin a "drive on vagrancy." The first move in the drive was the arrest of more than 90 men, most of them heads of families, who existed in tents and shacks in the "river bottom" section of Oklahoma City.

But that didn't concern Charles Samuel Offutt, laborer, as he left a movie show at peace with the world. He was at peace with the world because he was to start work that night as a night watchman on the new Biltmore hotel now under construction in Oklahoma City. Oklahoma City is proud of the new Biltmore because it is part of the \$27,000,000 worth of construction now under way in the city. Charles Samuel Offutt had \$14 in his pocket, \$161 in the bank and thought he had a stake in the city in which he has lived, and voted, for years.

The problem of unemployment had been solved as far as he was concerned, so he didn't worry when two plain clothes bulls stopped him, apparently because he wore overalls.

The bulls questioned Offutt as if they thought he was a vagrant instead of a citizen, a voter and a substantial person with money in the bank and a job waiting for him. His display of a bankbook and \$14 in cash didn't satisfy the officers of the law. They took him to the station and charged him with vagrancy. Bail was fixed at \$20. Charles Samuel Offutt offered to put up his \$14 in cash and give a check for \$6—he wanted to get away and report for work.

His check was refused and he was locked up on a charge of vagrancy. He remained in jail 23 hours, then he was taken to police court and fined \$19. But the police judge was willing to "do the right thing," he agreed to remit the fine if Offutt would promise either to find a job or to leave town within 24 hours.

Charles Samuel Offutt was worried about the job for which he was supposed to report the night before. He wanted to get out of jail so he accepted the judge's alternative. But when he reported at the new Biltmore he was informed that since he had not shown up for work the night before the job had been given to another man.

Lillian Is Pinched Nine Times—

Lillian Brewster doesn't like the word "tart" but would admit being one if it would help her keep clear of the cops. When she was sixteen she drove the car from which her father shot and

killed her brother-in-law (who had killed her grandfather). Later her father was shot and killed on the streets of Pauls Valley, Oklahoma. Then she drifted to Oklahoma City and became a maid, when she could get a job. She admits, "I got into trouble several times. Things wouldn't go right. I was broke and hungry and I knew I wasn't going to a soup line. I solicited men sometimes, but not regularly. I used narcotics a little, but I haven't for three months."

Nine different times she was arrested and convicted of vagrancy. Each time she was fined and paid her fines. One Friday night, she was sitting in a car with a boy friend when police arrested both of them. The boy friend paid his own and Lillian's fine when they were tried and convicted of vagrancy in police court. Later that same evening she was again arrested and again charged with vagrancy, tried and fined \$11 which she was unable to pay. So she was put in jail to serve out her fine.

The Governor Saves The Constitution—

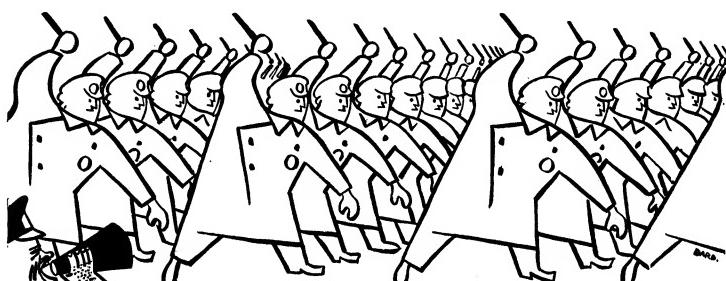
"Alfalfa Bill" Murray is governor of Oklahoma and he helped write the state's constitution. So is he hot for "constitutional rights." When he heard about people being pinched as "vags" he went up in the air. Emitting bellows of rage he ordered John Watt's town clowns to "cease and desist" from pinching American citizens but the City fathers of Oklahoma City told him to run the state, they run the city.

"Alfalfa Bill" had known Lillian's dad. Bill charged the cops were arresting people like Offutt because they had voted against the administration and the administration was trying to "banish" such citizens from their home town. He phoned the cops to release Lillian. They replied that phoned pardons were not according to the laws, statutes and constitutions. After "consulting counsel," they stood on their dignity.

The Right Honorable, his Excellency the Governor of Oklahoma was forced to write out his pardon and meanwhile Lillian lay in the can. When the pardon was delivered, being properly signed, sealed and bearing the right testamentary evidences of having been issued in proper and correct order, John Watt called Lillian to his office and there solemnly read to her the charges on which she had been arrested and she admitted she was guilty as hell on each charge and count. So John Watt saved his dignity and won a moral victory over Bill Murray and a poor kid who became a \$2 tart because she couldn't get a job.

When Bill pardoned Lillian he again told the cops to cease and desist from molesting sovereign citizens who had lived "in Oklahoma for one year, in Oklahoma county for six months and their voting precinct 30 days; which residence constitutes citizenship." John Watt announced in future his coppers would make specific charges in all vagrancy cases; such as "vagrancy by use of narcotics or some particular offense." The health department officials are ordering the river bottom squatters to get out of their homes and police report most of them are taking to the road, leaving Oklahoma City and its boasting Chamber of Commerce. John Watts finds he doesn't need vag charges.

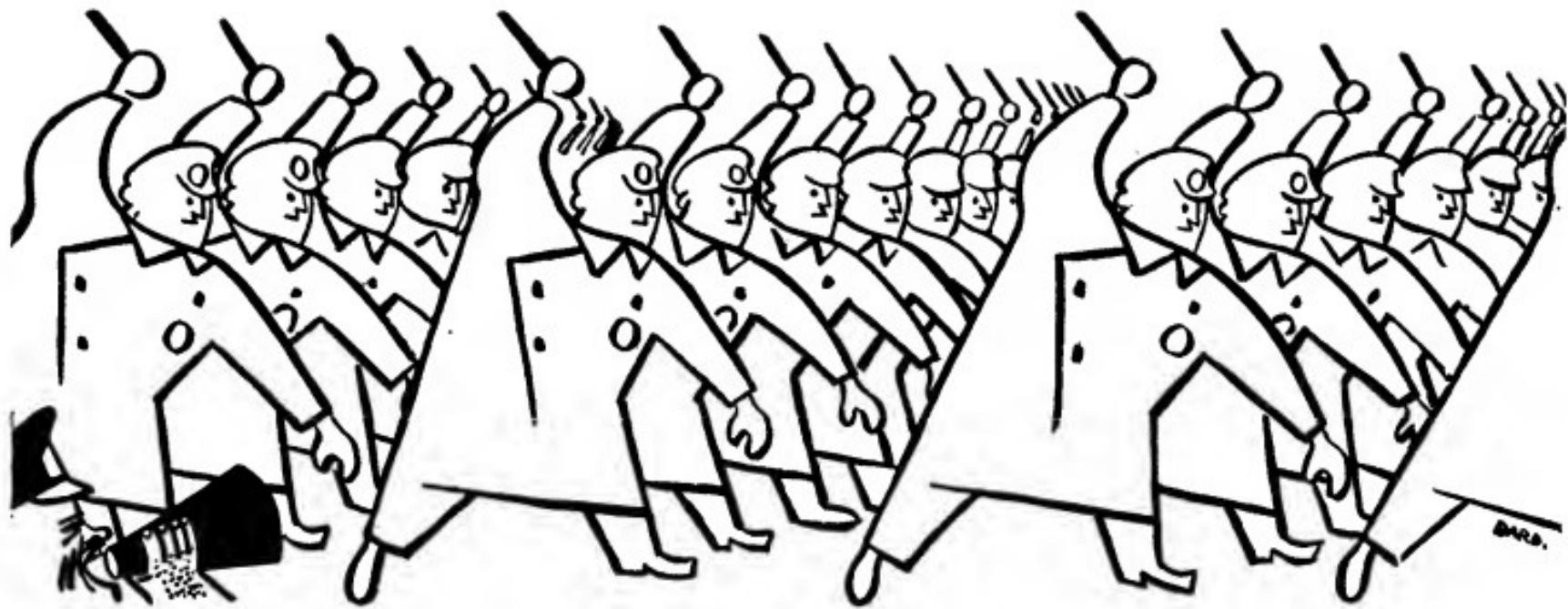
So Bill Murray wins and John Watt gets a victory and the Chamber of Commerce is happy because the squatters are on their way and the constitutional rights of all sovereign American citizens who have "resided in Oklahoma one year; in Oklahoma County six months; in their voting precinct 30 days, which residence" constitutes citizenship are protected and only the poor stiffs who don't belong in Oklahoma City anyway need to worry. They got to find some place else to do their starving. The Constitution has been vindicated.



Phil Bard
"C'MON YOUSE GUYS, PUT SOME SPIRIT INTO IT!"



HOOVER'S 20 YEAR PLAN



Phil Bard

"C'MON YOUSE GUYS, PUT SOME SPIRIT INTO IT!"

BOOKS

Reviewed by Robert Cruden, Robert Dunn, Norman Macleod, Bennett Stevens

Labor and Coal, by Anna Rochester. International Publishers. Board \$1.00. Cloth \$2.00.

Workers who have been confused by press and radio attacks on labor conditions in the Soviet Union should read this explanation of the working and living conditions of the 650,000 mine workers in this country. In the be-devilled Soviets the wages of the miners have steadily risen since the Revolution; the hours of underground miners have been reduced to six; housing conditions have been immensely improved; cultural centers are being built up around the mines; the workers are all members of the union, have secure jobs, and are completely protected by a comprehensive system of social insurance.

Free miners in the democratic United States are hampered by no such penal restrictions. They live in mine villages of which the U. S. Coal Commission said, "the state of disrepair at times runs beyond the power of verbal description or even of photographic illustration, since neither words nor pictures can portray the atmosphere of abandoned dejection or reproduce the smells." The houses in which they live are designed to produce rugged individuals, evidently, since they have neither heat nor toilet facilities. Four to nine persons share each sleeping room, with perfect "freedom", it is reported.

Real American freedom obtains in the mining villages, too. In order to eliminate the evil features of competition the company obligingly runs the village store. For this service the miners are charged a little "extra." If an ungrateful family does its buying elsewhere the miner is fired! The same applies to housing. In many instances the miners are compelled to live in company houses, under leases which allow the worker to receive only such persons as the company approves! If a miner does entertain persons "objected to" by the company, the courts rush to defend his liberty by having him evicted.

The same holds true on the job. Freedom of contract is zealously protected by means of the yellow-dog, "practically universal in the company villages of non-union coal fields and required at many other non-union mines." If, nevertheless, the miners insist on striking or doing something equally dangerous to sacred American institutions the state rushes to the defense of liberty by imprisoning, deporting and killing the militants. Thus, Ludlow, Columbine, and the long list of militia massacres in West Virginia, Alabama, Pennsylvania. In this the authorities have had the tacit or open support of the United Mine Workers leadership.

Nor are these the only ways in which American miners enjoy their freedom. Due to technological improvements and reduced markets at least 3300 mines have closed since 1923. Those mines still working have been mechanized to such an extent and speed-up has been so intensified that "from 1913 to 1929 the mine worker's average output rose from 3.61 tons to 4.85 tons a day," altho in the latter year there were over 200,000 miners permanently unemployed. Those miners still at work in 1929 worked 221 days! Unemployment, you understand, is a necessary evil when you are "free"!

American coal operators do not stoop to such barbaric Soviet practices as raising wages. On the contrary, "most of the coal mine workers do not earn enough to support a family." Miss Rochester points this out when wages were up around \$7-9 a day. What can it be now with wages in Pennsylvania and Ohio below \$5 and Alabama and Tennessee miners getting less than \$3 a day?

Mine workers, like the rest of us, are free to get injured and killed with little protection for their families or themselves. Every week 40 miners are killed and 2000 are injured, on the average. Most of the accidents are preventable but the companies refuse to take proper precautions and neither the state nor federal governments will force them to do so. The compensation allowed is entirely inadequate—two-thirds of his regular wage with a maximum of

\$25 a week is all that the injured miner can expect *at the most*. "In most of the coal states the compensation law is below this."

The final and complete remedy for such bitter exploitation lies in workers control. Until then, mine workers, like the rest of us, must organize in a revolutionary, rank-and-file controlled union. The Lewis U. M. W. and the Springfield U. M. W., together with Howatt's progressives and Keeney's West Virginia Mine Workers, offer nothing to the hunger-bitten coal digger. *Labor and Coal* is replete with the betrayals of miners in which these individuals and organizations have participated. To him only one organization remains honest, militant, rank-and-file controlled—the National Miners Union.

ROBERT CRUDEN

In the South

When Southern Labor Stirs, by Tom Tippett. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. Illustrated. \$2.50.

Two years ago this month the revolt against stretch-out, \$10-\$14 a week wages, the 12-hour day, and mill village feudalism, was spreading through certain cotton regions of the Carolinas. In Tennessee in the very burg where Hoover had delivered his only southern campaign speech in 1928, the rayon slaves were battling with the powerful corporations that had but recently built big mills in "Happy Valley."

During the Gastonia strike some of the best news stories from a non-Communist writer came from Tom Tippett and appeared in the Federated Press service. Tippett was in contact with the unions and personalities involved in all the other important textile strikes of that period, and later observed the struggle of the 4,000 workers against the biggest cotton mill in the South at Danville, Virginia. His book on what he saw and heard is an excellent research and reporting job. He deals with the conditions of the workers, the economic situation in the industry, and presents a fair and comprehensive picture of the strikes at Gastonia, Elizabethton, Marion, Danville and elsewhere. His book analyzes the so-called campaign of the A. F. of L. to organize southern workers, and it gives a vivid picture also of the tactics of such a "humanitarian" employer as Bernard Cone to crush ruthlessly even the almost motionless unionism of the A. F. of L.

The fullness of the description—for example of the Marion Massacre—alone makes the book a valuable reference volume. Most radicals have a somewhat vague impression that the United Textile Workers betrayed the workers in the South. Tippett's account amply confirms this impression and documents the charge with quite circumstantial detail.

The outlook of the book, the program presented in the final chapter, is a compound of polite criticism of the A. F. of L. and various suggestions as to how labor in the South can be aroused without resort to Communist leadership. Like A. J. Muste and other progressives he is willing to grant the National Textile Workers Union—the militant revolutionary body—certain credit for its aggressive action and its ability to dramatize events, raise relief, and inspire with enthusiasm large masses of workers. But he still believes that the path forward is inside the U. T. W. which he admits "tragically" (a common word in the progressive vocabulary) misled the workers in Marion, Elizabethton, Greensboro, and Danville. He can somehow believe that this moribund outfit has a future in organizing textile workers. To do otherwise might class Tippett as a Communist. And that is no place for a Brookwood professor to find himself.

Although he lightly slaps the wrists of the class collaborationist A. F. of L. policy, claiming rightly that it has never organized a worker, still he labors under the illusion that some "stability" will come to the industry—under capitalism—when production

costs are "equalized" through trade union pressure. He attacks the Communists for being "impractical." At the same time he wants the A. F. of L. unions to fight against capitalism in a general way even though he allows that "it may be that capitalism will never be overthrown" and states still more affirmatively, "even if our economic structure were ready for a fall the American proletariat would not follow such a revolt" as the Communists could be expected to lead. His confusion is still more openly shown where he suggests that the purified A. F. of L. union of his dreams should "collaborate with the employer in the scientific management of industry." But "on the other hand, there is no such compulsion for labor to cooperate with every phase of capitalistic culture such as its political, recreational and educational corruption." (my italics—R.D.).

This is apparently the sort of eclectic "militancy" they teach at Brookwood, the essence of the much-belabored "Musteism." It is a queer mixture of opportunism, Christian pacifism, "scientific" management, watered-down labor education, "industrial democracy," and extension lectures that tell workers to cooperate with the capitalists in the factories while voting against them through a gentlemanly labor party on election day.

So this book can scarcely be recommended as a "way out" for southern labor. But its first ten chapters can be read with profit by any organizer sent into the south to organize workers. For the general radical reader there is no book yet written that will give a more extensive and accurate account of the recent stirrings of southern labor.

ROBERT DUNN

A Hardboiled Idealist

American Earth by Erskine Caldwell. Scribners. \$2.50.

For the most part, Erskine Caldwell deals with the un-class-conscious proletarians in the sticks of America: down south and up east. As a cotton picker, lumber worker, hack driver, professional football player, night cook and waiter, he has penetrated the lower crust of the south without having come into contact with the organized worker. These proletarians of which he writes are always on the verge of starvation but with no perception of the class struggle or the economic forces operative in the United States which produce the conditions responsible for their poverty.

Not having workers en masse to deal with where the individual is insignificant in comparison with the group, Caldwell has turned to the "primitive" in his prototypes. Caldwell is, first of all, interested in sex. His workers are as unaware of Russia as any South Sea Islander and are as isolated from the world as god. And for that matter so is Caldwell. His style is staccato and sometimes "hardboiled" but beneath the surface one often perceives a fine strain of sensitivity to human emotions. He is in reality an idealist of the finer sort who (as most of our young writers do today) hesitates to admit it. As far as his characters have led him, he has done an excellent piece of interpretive writing. What he lacks is the ability to place them in the social scheme of things. When he goes deeper into the life of the working class of the South, he promises to become one of our most significant writers in America. Stories such as *Saturday Afternoon* prove him capable of good proletarian work.

We need writers like Caldwell.
He should go left.

NORMAN MACLEOD

500 Million Years

Parade of the Living. By John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr. Coward-McCann. \$3.00.

To those who still believe that the world was created during the third week of October, 4004 B. C. and to others who although not so exact as to chronology, hold on to the puerile biblical account of creation, Bradley's book *The Parade of Living* will come as a revelation—if they can be persuaded to read it. The author has brought to life, in words, fossils of as far back as 500 million years ago and has traced the development of these simple forms through the ages to the complex living forms of the present. The book is a rather able popularization of a highly technical subject.

BENNETT STEVENS.

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MOVIES

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

"Religion," says Will Hays, "is the world's greatest industry." And the movie is the world's greatest religion. The movie and its associates, radio and—soon to be—radiofilm, constitute the contemporary ritual whose holy city is Hollywood, and whose evangel is Will Hays. A theocracy dominates it, composed of high finance, producers—distributors—exhibitors, directors—scenarists et al, stars. The audience is laity.

In the routine of a theocratic ritual, it becomes increasingly necessary to repeat the divine origin of the priesthood. Fan magazines, ads., press-agent stunts merchandise the trade-marked stars to the layman. Books are written of (and by) the arch-priest, a Zukor or a Carl Laemmle. The movie being a democratic ritual wherein the priests get all and the laymen nothing, the former sell their personalities by means of nicknames and family titles. It is "Buddy" Rogers, and it is "Uncle" Carl Laemmle. "Say Uncle, you sucker, say Uncle!" In the earliest days, when Unk Laemmle was just beginning his movie antics, there were "Pop" Rock of the Vitagraph and "Papa" Lubin, pioneer buccaneer of the films.

Those were grand frontier days in the Americanned art. The aristocratic John Drinkwater, alias Horatio Alger, Jr., purchased at so much a wit to write the divinely inspired *Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle*, tells of these days, but he tells very little.* The picture he draws—from the biased data of Carl's agent, Dave Bader—is of a courageous "independent" champeening the "free settler" against the Trust. What's wrong with this picture? First of all, Laemmle was not alone. In the Universal the strong man was a Powers, whom Drinkwater mentions once off-handedly. Secondly, William Fox was the big shake of the "independents." Third, this was no victory of the weak over the strong. The "independents" won because they were a trust in themselves. The General Film, trustees of the Patent, were not implanted in the exhibition field of the movie. Fox was the owner of a movie chain. Laemmle started as an exhibitor, had a strong distribution unit. All he needed was a source, he had an outlet. In other words, these "independents" began with an audience: that's why they won. Actually, however, this was a victory for consolidation, as consequent events showed, and which Drinkwater doesn't mention. Nor does he mention how Laemmle and Powers squeezed out another partner, Mark Dintenfass.

When high finance entered the movie, trustification became fully crystallized. Laemmle did not establish independence. He speeded the three-in-one producer-distributor-exhibitor. By 1927, J. P. MacGowan, popular actor and director of railroad serials, could say in a highbrow magazine: ". . . the day is passed when small capital, coupled with boundless presumption is capable of creating a millionaire overnight. Daily it is becoming more substantially commercialized, which is but another way of saying the conservative element is coming into the ascendant."

This conservative element consolidated its interests both economic, and, in the Hays organization, ideologic. Mr. Drinkwater, whose nose is up in the air all through the book, isn't too hoity-toity to further the ideologic campaign of this crass element. He spends quite a few pages vindicating himself for having followed his biographies of Lincoln and Lee with this one of Laemmle. He needn't apologize for his subject—Laemmle is as much an instrument of a hypocritic society as the other two. But to make him the moving genius is a wanton hypocrisy itself, quite in keeping with the author's integrity. Making of this typically sentimental and malicious creature of circumstance—lucky Laemmle—a man of valor and idealism, has all the earmarks of potboiler priggishness. Drinkwater is no nearer to his subject than the distance of London to Hollywood. The idealism with which he credits Laemmle is the idealism of a Rockefeller—who establishes Chicago University on the corpses of Ludlow. The difference is but one

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of degree, of opportunity. We know what happens to food that doesn't leave the bowels. Bourgeois society is putrid with idealism.

Laemmle, Drinkwater says at the end of his well-paid hack job, was suggested for the Nobel Prize for producing *All Quiet on the Western Front*. A hardly noble fan magazine, *Photoplay*, reminded the public that no one was more venomous in his "idealistic" attacks on Germany than Uncle Carl. After the war, he used his ad. in the *Sat. Eve. Post*, "Watch this Column," to sob over the plight of his Vaterland—with no ulterior motive, of course. He stole a jump on the other producers to issue *All Quiet*, slapstick holiday. The star in this series is one of the erstwhile agonized Germans of *All Quiet*. Mr. Drinkwater says nil thereof.

The idealism of Laemmle—and he is a type—manifests itself in his penchant for youth. He is constantly "discovering" youthful talent, and as regularly dropping it. In his "Watch this Column," he puffed up the young comedian, Glenn Tryon—Glenn is having a precarious time of it now in two-reel farces not Universal in origin. Laemmle hired Paul Fejos, after the latter had made a spurious "art" film, gave him some work, dropped him. When Paramount imported Lubitsch, Universal imported Leni—and dropped him. Leni died. What did Universal have to do with it? As a suggestion, we might parallel this incident: Paramount imported the Swedish genius, Stiller—choked the spirit out of him—browbeat him—Stiller died. Greta Garbo, who came over with Stiller as a trivial incident, remains—as a golden trade-mark.

Laemmle's Universal, one of the most slovenly of companies, has been kept alive by "horse operas"—the tawdry westerns of a single stale formula; just as Tom Mix kept Fox in the saddle, and Rin-Tin-Tin kept Warner Brothers from going to the dogs. The movie ritual wants elegant unction now; therefore John Drinkwater rubs the banana oil. And his patient—gleaming with salvation—joins the evangel himself, Will Hays, to praise the movie—the gangster film—as a deterrent to crime. Well, the movie is no more a kibosh on racketeering than Drinkwater's blurb (mixture of contempt and padded praise) is a kibosh on the movie racket. Racketeering and movie are inseparable in the present pattern; and the first whisper in the movie business was racket. Its accents are thunderous now.

**The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle*, by John Drinkwater, Foreword by Will H. Hays. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

JOHN HERRMANN

The Revolutionary Writers Of Europe

Following are a few notes on what is coming and what has recently appeared by some of the outstanding revolutionary writers of Germany and some other countries.

Among the novelists of the left group in Germany, those best known at present: Ludwig Renn, Ernst Glaeser, Oscar Marie Graf, Ernst Ottwaldt, Hans Marchwitz, Willy Bredel, Theodor Plivier, Klaus Neukrantz, F. C. Weiskopf, Anna Seghers, Karl Grunberg, Otto Heller, Kurt Klaeber and Egon Erwin Kisch the master of reportage.

Some of the short story writers: Paul Koerner, Peyet, Kurt Stefan and Gertrude Ring. Some of the novelists take a shot at the short story occasionally too.

Dramatists: Friedrich Wolf, Peter Martin Lampel.

Poets: Johannes Becher, Ernst Goenkel, Kurt Huhn, Erich Weinert, Kurt Tucholski.

A revolutionary literature is certainly developing in Germany at a speedy pace. Proletarian literature will develop. Out of radical bourgeois literature grows revolutionary literature and how can you have proletarian literature until you have had that?

Ludwig Renn, author of *War* and *After War*, will soon bring out a new book dealing with Soviet Russia, and especially the textile industries there. It is in the nature of a travel book. He is also working on a scientific treatise to be called, *Denken und Fuelung (Thought and Feeling)*. His next novel will be about the fall of the aristocrats in Germany during the inflation of the mark, during the years 1921 to 1923. Renn comes from an aristocratic German family. He has left that behind him to join in the struggle of the workers for a Soviet Germany. He is one of the most active workers in the German Literary Bund, an organization to some extent comparable with the John Reed Club.

Johannes Becher, chiefly known as a poet, is writing a novel about his youth in Bavaria. His father was an attorney in Munich. Becher was one of the original group of German expressionists.

Hans Marchwitz whose *Sturm auf Essen* has been hailed as an important revolutionary novel and was called by one enthusiast at least, "the first real proletarian novel out of Germany", is now working on a second novel, *Die Letzte Schicht*. It is the story of the German Red Army in the Kapp Putsch, 1920, against the Reichswehr. Marchwitz is of proletarian birth and has been a miner from childhood until he found himself on the blacklist. His first novel was called at Charkov, "Bourgeois in form but revolutionary in content."

Willy Bredel is in prison now because he is not a capitalist. He was an iron worker and wrote a fine factory novel called, *Maschinenfabrik N und K*.

Klaus Neukrantz is consumptive. Prisons and the privations and hardships endured by many in the class struggle have swelled the list of consumptives in the fighting working class ranks in Europe. Neukrantz wrote *Barricaden am Wettung*.

I heard quite a lot about a young Bavarian communist, Walter von Stein, born an aristocrat, who has written his first novel. It is unpublished as yet but is said by several of the German group to be an important contribution to revolutionary literature.

Ernst Glaeser's first book, *Class of 1902*, got a fine press throughout the world and sold very well. His new book *Peace* has sold well in Germany. It must have burned the fingers of the American publishers because I understand it is going the rounds here. At Charkov Glaeser said, "I used to say, hands off the Soviet Union, now I say every hand for the Soviet Union." There are a lot of radical bourgeois writers who are beginning to say the same. And if their eyes were open there would be many more.

F. C. Weiskopf has a new novel, *Das Slawenlied, (Song of the Slavs)*. Its subtitle is "A novel of the last days of Austria and the first years of Czechoslovakia." It is the story of a schoolboy taken from schoolroom to army and back again. Weiskopf is a great admirer of Dos Passos and it shows in this book. He was one of the most volatile delegates to the Charkov conference and insisted



A sculpture relief of Lenin, by Savilly Kolin, artist, sculptor, writer, member of the John Reed Club of Detroit. The work of this talented worker will be included in coming exhibits to be sponsored by the Detroit John Reed Club.

that the new revolutionary and proletarian literature must create new forms adequate to express the new society. He bewailed the fact that many worker correspondents who became short story writers or novelists wrote in the worst manner of the old bourgeois sob sisters. He also said Dos Passos was a pathfinder toward the new form which revolutionary literature would follow.

Lajos Kiss, a Hungarian revolutionist now living in Soviet Russia wrote the *Heroic Region*, a two volume novel about the Hungarian Revolution.

Bruno Yasiensky, of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, a Polish emigre and author of *Burning Paris* is writing another dealing with the Polish situation.

The third volume of the long novel of Bella Illes is *Tisza on Fire*. The first volume of the trilogy will come out here soon, published by International Publishers. Illes was formerly secretary of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers and is a Hungarian revolutionist living in Moscow. His book covers the Hungarian revolution, the Russo-Polish war and underground party work on the Polish border.

Across the channel in old England, Harold Heslop is writing a new book about the miners in north England. He wrote *The Gate to a Strange Field*, just published here by Appleton, and also *The Journey Beyond* which has so far been printed only in England.

These notes give only a sample of the literary activity going on across the ocean. In Germany, especially, because the movement is very powerful, the radical writers have about all lined up. Those who see clearly the course of events are with the communists, muddle-headed individualists court the fascists and the played out old grandmas go doddering along with the social democrats.

The time is getting near when American writers will have to take their position. A writer must decide on which side of the barricades he will stand; for the final triumph of the workers is not problematical. It is an irresistible movement sweeping a whole world before it. Obstructions are but irritants increasing the will and the drive of the great force of revolution.

If the radical bourgeois writers of America had the chance to go to Russia to see with their own eyes socialism in course of development, many a wavering fence sitter, splitting his tail between the old order and the new would throw his strength with the revolution.

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WORKERS' ART

*A monthly department for reports and
discussion of Workers' Cultural Activities.*

Detroit John Reed Club

The roster of the local John Reed Club, after its third organizational meeting, includes 49 members. These are divided into work-groups representing the dance, drama, music, painting and writing. The Club is conducting activities along lines required by conditions particularly indigenous to Detroit. It is hoped that the club will be housed in its own quarters some time during the Fall.

At the huge protest demonstration against the Cheeney Alien Registration bill held at the Olympia Auditorium on June 19th, with Wm. Z. Foster as main speaker, the John Reed Club drama and music groups presented *Undesirables*, a pageant with a cast of 600. The club meanwhile is at work on other projects for the immediate future.

Workers engaged in the theatre, writing, the graphic arts, painting, music, sculpture and film are invited to apply for membership by addressing The John Reed Club, 91 East Kirby Street, Detroit.

JOHN REED CLUB—DETROIT, Press Committee.

Revolutionary Art Competition

The following challenge has been sent to the revolutionary artists of Germany:

We, the John Reed Club of New York City. U. S. A., challenge the Revolutionary Artists of Germany to a social competition on the following subjects: 1. Against Imperialist War Preparations; 2. Against Fascism; 3. Against White Terror in China, Poland, Latin America, etc.; 4. Against lynchings and National Oppression; 5. Against Unemployment.

The John Reed Club welcomes all American artists and art groups to participate in this competition. It is to be National in scope.

Artists may send in as many pictures as they wish. Ten has been set as a quota, but more or less may be sent. Pictures may measure up to 40 inches. The competition is to be made up of posters, drawings, paintings and sculpture. Special emphasis is laid upon the importance of paintings in this competition and the J.R.C. urges all who participate to send in as many as possible.

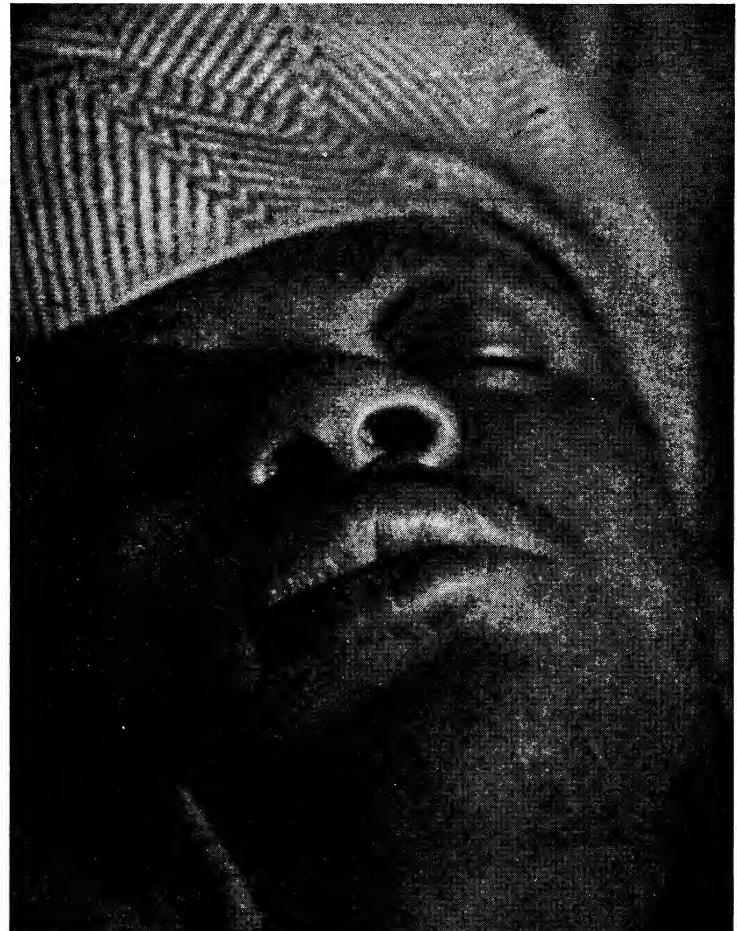
The dead line for this work is August 15 at which time all work will be subject to critical appraisal and—September 1st a New York showing will be held for two weeks after which the pictures will be packed and shipped to the Soviet Union for the November 7 celebration.

Those participating are urged to study the American scene such as the Miners conflict in W. Va., Kentucky, Ohio and Pa., Street Car Strike in New Orleans, Gastonia, Unemployment, War preparations, lynchings, Frame-ups, Social Demagogery, etc. The U. S. A. is bursting with material for artists to paint, material, which until now, has been untouched.

Further information may be obtained by writing to John Reed Club, 102 W. 14 St., N. Y. C.

Greetings of N. Y. Federation

Workers Cultural Federation Conference of June 14th, at New York, sent greetings to the striking miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio and the delegates raised a collection for their relief. Resolutions were adopted on behalf of the eight Negro defendants in Scottsboro, the five in Paterson, Mooney and Billings and the victims of capitalist white terror in other countries. Other resolutions were adopted against imperialist war, for the Soviet Union and for the *Daily Worker*.



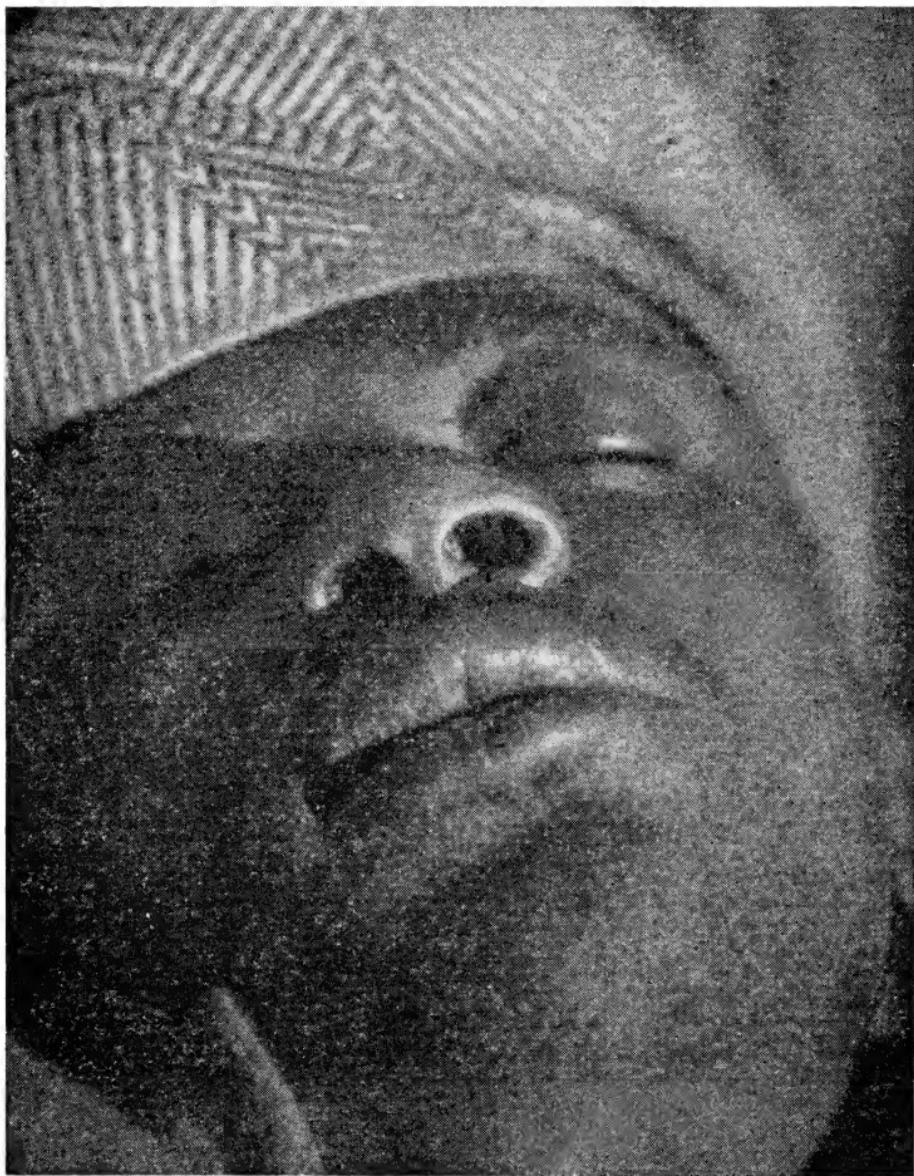
SLEEPING NEGRO WORKER—by Howard D. Lester of the Workers Film and Photo League. The photo is one of a series of homeless, unemployed workers in the Bowery section of New York. Lester was recent prize winner in a New York competition of photo textile designs. Contributor to various publications, one of his machine drawings, symbolic of proletarian power, will be the cover of the next issue of the Left, revolutionary quarterly.

Film & Photos

The Workers' Film and Photo League, of New York, has organized its energies toward several ends: Proletarian Photo week in July with a photographic exhibit to be announced in the press, film showings with lectures and educational leaflets at camps and clubs, instruction in photography and film projection. The class in photography will be conducted by Howard D. Lester, a member of the executive board and one of the leading American photographers; the class in projection by the comrades in charge of the film showing of the W.I.R. and Workers' Film and Photo League. Quite a few students have enrolled, but there is place for others. Communicate with the secretary. Later classes will be organized in: cinematography, the history of the photo, the history of the film, the principles of photographic criticism, the principles of film criticism. The League plans to issue bulletins on the motion picture to develop a working-class criticism of the movie and, where necessary organize protests against reactionary pictures. A traveling exhibit of photos will follow the July Proletarian Photo week, under the auspices of the newly found Workers' Cultural Federation. All worker-film-and-photo groups, and all clubs, as well as individuals, interested in such activity, are urged to get in touch at once with the Workers' Film and Photo League, 799 Broadway, New York.

Soviet Workers Look at Upton Sinclair

Upton Sinclair has just issued a new pamphlet *Books of Upton Sinclair In Russia* including the proceedings of the literary groups and workers clubs of the Metal Workers of Leningrad. It is a most interesting booklet revealing the outlook of the new generation in Soviet Russia on the workers struggle and on revolutionary literature in America.



SLEEPING NEGRO WORKER—by Howard D. Lester of the Workers Film and Photo League. The photo is one of a series of homeless, unemployed workers in the Bowery section of New York. Lester was recent prize winner in a New York competition of photo textile designs. Contributor to various publications, one of his machine drawings, symbolic of proletarian power, will be the cover of the next issue of the Left, revolutionary quarterly.

Gilbert Lewis

Gilbert Lewis, young Negro proletarian writer, died in Moscow early in June at the age of 26. Lewis, who was a member of the John Reed Club and contributor to the *New Masses*, was born in New Orleans in 1904. He felt keenly the oppression of his race and his earliest poems and stories were on this theme. He worked as seaman, window cleaner and at other jobs, and about three years ago joined the Communist Party. He was active in the New York window cleaners' strike in the fall of 1929 and subsequently played a leading role in the strike of the subway tunnel workers. Early in 1930 he was sent to Chattanooga as the organizer of the Trade Union Unity League.

In the fall of 1930 he went to Moscow to study. But tuberculosis of the lungs and stomach had advanced too far and he had to be taken to the Yalta Sanitarium in the Crimea, where he died despite all efforts to save him. He was buried in the Crimea, memorial meetings being held for him in Moscow and other parts of the Soviet Union.

Lewis was both writer and trade union organizer; he gave all he had—and finally his life—for the workingclass struggle.

Writers form Relief Fund

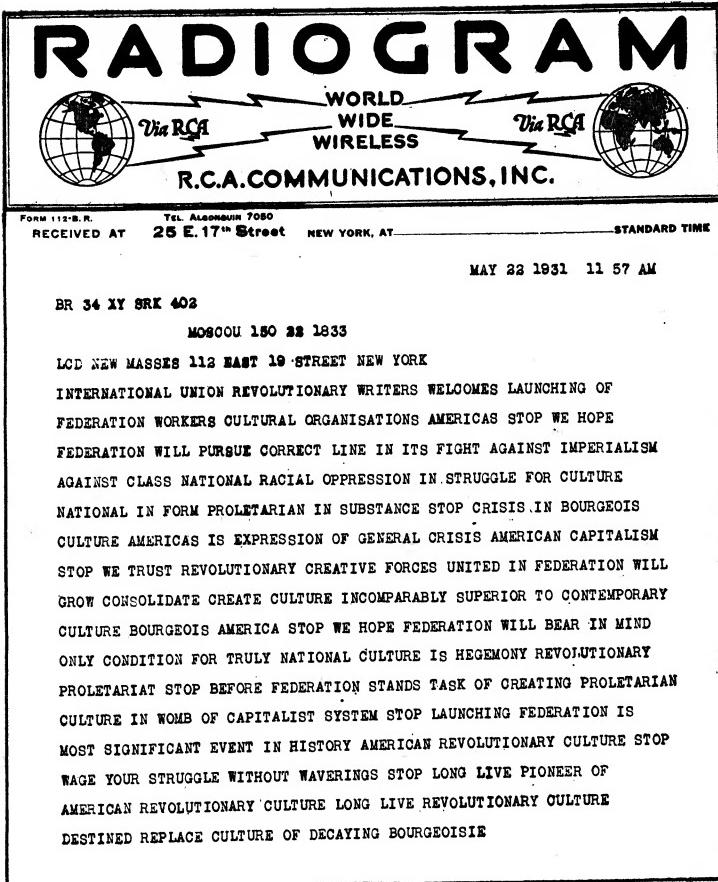
Five dollars a month for each prisoner and twenty dollars for their dependents is the goal of the new Prisoners Relief Fund set up to aid the class war victims in the United States. Heretofore the International Labor Defense has tried to do this job single-handed. Due to the many demands made on this organization the new committee has been formed by it to specialize on this one job—raising the cash to send to prisoners and dependents. Some 90 workers are now in prison and will benefit by the efforts of the Fund which includes among others—and most of them *New Masses* writers—Bob Cruden, Malcolm Cowley, John Dos Passos, Waldo Frank, Lydia Gibson, Mike Gold, Jack Hardy, Josephine Herbst, Louis Lozowick.

The Fund promises that its members will take care of all "overhead," and that every red nickel contributed will go to the boys in the various prisons from San Quentin to Atlanta—or to their families. They want every reader of the *New Masses* who is lucky enough to be either (1) out of jail, or (2) in a job, to send in a bill or a check at once, and to pledge to give a definite number of pennies a month. Grace Hutchins is Treasurer. Checks should be made out to her and mailed to Prisoners Relief Fund, Room 430, 80 East 11th St. New York City.

In the N. Y. Federation

The following organizations participating in workers cultural activities were represented at the New York conference held at Irving Plaza on June 14:

A.I.D.L.D.; Aida Chorus; American Culture Center; Arbeiterbund; Artef; A.S.D.S.D.; B.B.W.C.; B.G.T.W.O.; Boro Park W. C.; Bronx Hungarian W. C.; Brownsville Youth Center; Chelsea Open Forum; Chernishsky Society; Chorus Pirmyn; Clove Dramatic Club; Co-operative Colony; Council of Working Class Women; Cuban W. C.; Daily Worker Worker's Correspondents; D.T.W. Club; E.N.Y.W.C.; East Side W. C.; Educational W. L.; Elere Hungarian Dramatic Club; Estonian W. C.; Federation of Workers Choruses; Finnish W. C. Flatbush Forum of Ethiopian Culture; Food Workers Industrial Union; Fremont W. C.; Freiheit Gesang Verein; F:eiheit Mandolin Orchestra; Friedrich Engels I.W.O.; Golden's Bridge Co-operative Colony; Hal Shal; Harlem School; Harlem Women's Educational Club; Hungarian Writers Group; Hungarian Literature Group; Hungarian Singing Society; Hungarian Workers Correspondents; Hungarian Workers Home; Hungarian Workingmen's Sick Benefit Educational Federation; Icor; Italian Worker's Center; Ivan Frank Society; City Committee I. W. O.; Br. No. 3; I. W. O. School; Br. 146; Br. 91; Br. 521; Br. 10; Br. 11; I. W. O. Children's School; Br. 37; I. W. O. Youth Section; Br. 122; Br. 91, 22, 116, 137, 215; I. W. O. School 14; National Executive of I. W. O. Schools; Jack London Club; Jewish Children High School I. W. O.; Jewish Workers University; Jewish Workers Musical Alliance; John Reed Club; Jugoslav W. C.; Russian Children's School; Labor Research Assn.; Labor Sports Union; League for Struggle for Negro Rights; Lithuanian Assn.; Lithuanian Literature Society; Lithuanian Physical Culture; Lithuanian Workers' Literary Society; Lithuanian Working Woman; Lyra; Mapleton W. C.; M.B.O.S.Z.; Middle Branch W. C.; Serp i Molot; Momarts; Natur Freunde; New Negro Art Theatre; New Pioneer; N. Y. Br. of Chinese Anti-Imperialists; N.T.M.N. Brass Band; Peasant Society; Proletart; Prolet Buhne; Proletcult Progressive Russian School; Proletpen; Prospect W. C.; Rebel Poets; Red Dancers; Red Spark A. C.; Russian N.M.M.S.; Russian Proletarian Art School; Russian Prolet Writers; R.U.W. Ch. Col.; Scandinavian W. C. School 12; School 7; Sietyno Chorus; Social Problems Club; N. Y. Univ.; Ukr. W. C.; Spanish W. C.; Spartacus A. C.; Student's League; Syras Chorus; Thule; Tietynos; T.U.U.L.; Ukrainian Labor Club Ukrainian Toilers of A.; Ukrainian E. W. S.; Ukrainian Women's Club; Unemployed Council Mad. Sq. Br.; Un. W. Club, Harlem; Vanguard Community Center; Will Work Club; W.I.R.: Brass Band, Symphony Orchestra, Co-op House, English Chorus, Scouts; World Cinema League; W. C. Brighton Beach; W. C. Bronx; W. C. Brooklyn; Workers School; Workers Defense Club; Workers Esperanto Group; Workers Film and Photo League; Workers Gymnastic and Sport Alliance; Workers Lab. Theatre; Workers Music School; Workers Youth Club; Working Women Br. 1; Young Finlanders Society; Young Pioneers Orchestra; Y.W.A.D. Club; N. M. Orchestra; Lettish W. C.



The cablegram of the International Union of Revolutionary writers, sent from Moscow to the first conference of the Workers Culture Federation of the Metropolitan area, held in New York on June 14. The program of the IURW was adopted unanimously and greetings to the Union were sent from the Conference, which was the first step in the formation of a National Federation.

From Germany—

"We greet your Conference, which is now creating in the U.S.A. what we have in Germany in the *Interessengemeinschaft fuer Arbeit-Erkultur* (IFA—Federation for Workers Culture). We wish your conference success and are convinced that its work will become of historical significance for the cultural movement of the American proletariat"—O. Biha, Ed. Dept. of *Linkskurve*, organ of the Ass'n of Proletarian-Revolutionary Writers.

From Soviet Russia—

"Plenum All Union Association of Proletarian Writers..... representing Proletarian Literary Organizations Peoples' USSR which experienced national oppression, now in shock fashion building socialism sends fraternal greetings to Federation of Proletarian Cultural Organizations of America. Soviet proletarian literature has achieved great victories, became leading literature. We call on you to close your ranks under banner of the Communist Party in fight for working class literature, defense of the USSR, our common fatherland."

From Upton Sinclair, U. S. A.—

"There is certainly need for organizations to promote working-class culture in the United States. There is no lack of raw material, and it will call for several "five-year" plans. Best wishes for your success, and hearty greetings."

The conference received telegrams of greeting from the International Federation of Revolutionary Writers and Artists in Moscow, the German Federation of General Proletarian Cultural Activities, Hungarian Political Exiles, the Federation of Revolutionary Writers of the Soviet Union, the Moscow Dramatic School, the German League of Revolutionary artists, the Esperanto International, the Rebel Players of Los Angeles, the Rebel Poets, publications like *The New Pioneer*, *Morada*, *Front*, *Nativity*, *Left* and *Linkskurve* and from Upton Sinclair.

To American Writers and Artists

From Japan

May 1, 1931.

Comrades of the John Reed Club of the Revolutionary Writers & Artists in U.S.A.:

The Japanese Proletarian Writers' League expresses gratitude to your comradely friendship in sending protests against the oppression of the Japanese ruling class, in the successive prohibition of *Senki* and in arresting ten writers of the Japanese Proletarian Writers' League.

In regard to the *Senki*: The Japanese bourgeois do not only prohibit the circulation of *Senki* every month; they mobilize police forces continually to capture the office, arrest editing members, and to wreck the printing house. They are endeavoring by all means to prevent *Senki* from continuing. Nevertheless, the *Senki* continues publication, valiantly struggling against feudalistic brutality. And it has never neglected its class tasks entrusted to it by the workers and peasants.

Six of the ten arrested writers of the League have recently been released on bail temporarily. The other four writers however are still chained behind the bars. We shall continue our tireless struggle to set them free.

The NAPF, organ of the Japanese Proletarian Artists Federation, also has been prohibited circulation about every other month since it began last September. Meanwhile the circulation of NAPF increases, thanks to the energy of its members.

The protests coming from across the seas to us are an inspiring example of international solidarity in the cultural field. We know also that international unity of the revolutionary literary movement has been finally established as a result of the Charkov conference of last November.

We pledge ourselves to assist in its program to the limit.

Japanese Proletarian Writers League

KWAN EGUTI, Chairman

Tokyo, Japan.

From Soviet Russia

The International Union of Revolutionary Writers has cabled, thru the N. Y. John Reed Club, an appeal to all American writers and artists for material for use in connection with August First, International Anti-War Day. The material in the form of sketches, short stories, poems and drawings must be of the following subject matter: how war preparations are now being made; revolutionary activity against war; sentiment regarding war plans, etc. Altho Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Michael Gold, Dos Passos, Langston Hughes, Gellert, Gropper and others have been especially asked to contribute, it is also addressed to all revolutionary, left and sympathetic American writers. All material should be sent air mail, to the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, Box 850, Moscow. USSR.

From Germany

Comrades:

In September of this year, the A. I. Z. (*Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung*) of Berlin, completes ten years of existence. In these ten years, it has become the most powerful and most widely read illustrated international weekly publication.

We intend, at the beginning of our second decade to print a Jubilee Number of double size that will serve as a valuable document to our friends and readers.

So we appeal thru you to all American workers, working class organizations and revolutionary intellectuals; send us your letters of greetings and articles; tell us briefly what you think of the A. I. Z., give us your expression of solidarity.

We ask only that all items be sent as quickly as possible to the A. I. Z. Wilhelmstrasse 48, Berlin W 8, Germany.

Worker Correspondence

Editors of New Masses:

When I was in America, a number of friends and comrades mentioned that they would be pleased to correspond directly with Russian workers. To them and to all workers who are interested (workers of all political parties are welcome), I would suggest writing a letter addressed to: Rabkor Tverskaya 8, Moscow, U.S.S.R.

In your letter please mention the type of worker you wish to correspond with and the questions you want answered. These letters will be turned over to workers here and the replies will be in English.

It is preferable to have at least several others join you in this correspondence. Physical culture, dramatic, musical and other organizations and clubs composed of workers are particularly welcome.

I am an American worker now in Soviet Russia and I know with what genuine comradely feelings these letters are received.

HARRY L. JAFFEE

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Eugene Gordon—Boston journalist now at work on a novel, has contributed to the *American Mercury*, *Scribners* and other leading journals. First appearance in *New Masses*.

Phil Bard—has just published his first story pamphlet in pictures *No Jobs Today*.

Jack Spanner—lives in Oklahoma. First appearance in *New Masses*.

John Phillips—young New York artist, makes his first *New Masses* appearance.

Hugo Gellert—who designed the cover for this issue, is executive member of the newly formed workers Cultural Federation of the Metropolitan Area. He is at work also on a book of 100 pictures and text based on *Capital* by Karl Marx.



Whittaker Chambers—was born in Philadelphia in 1901. Boyhood in eastern U. S. Youth as periodically vagrant laborer in deep South, Plains, Northwest. Brief Columbia college experience, ending with atheist publication. Formerly member Industrial Union 310 I.W.W. Joined revolutionary movement 1925. Contributed to numerous publications. Former staff member of the *Daily Worker*, contributing editor to *New Masses*.

IN THIS ISSUE

Vern Smith—staff member of the *Daily Worker*, is now in Pittsburgh covering the mine strike.

Mitchel Siporin—19 year old proletarian artist who made his first appearance in *New Masses* a few months ago, is a member of the Chicago John Reed Club.

Myra Page—author of *Southern Cotton Mills And Labor*, is editor of the *New Pioneer*. She has just returned from the coal-fields.

Morris Pass—member of the N. Y. John Reed Club was official artist for the strikers in the Seattle General Strike.

Ed Falkowski—Pennsylvania miner-writer now in Soviet Russia, is on the staff of the *Moscow News*.

Langston Hughes—author of the novel *Not Without Laughter* writes for this issue from Haiti.

Walter Steinhilber—New York commercial artist, is a frequent contributor to *New Masses*.

Josephine Herbst—author of *Nothing Is Sacred* and other novels, and *John Herrmann*, contributor to the *American Mercury* and other publications, were both guest delegates of the Charkov Conference of Revolutionary writers last November.

William Siegel—is the artist-author of the first picture pamphlet *The Paris Commune*.

Adolf Dehn—has contributed drawings to the old *Masses*, and the *Liberator* and is contributing editor to the *New Masses*.



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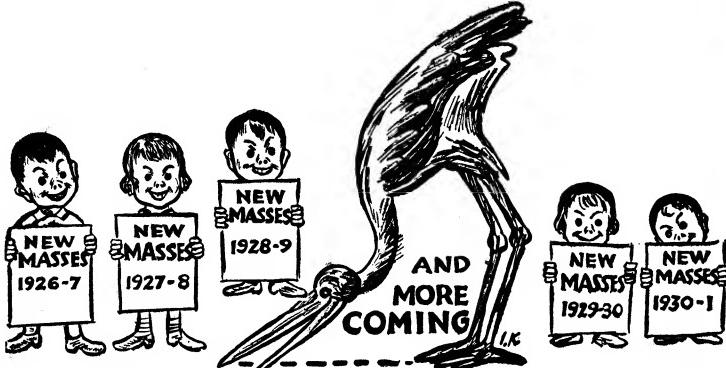
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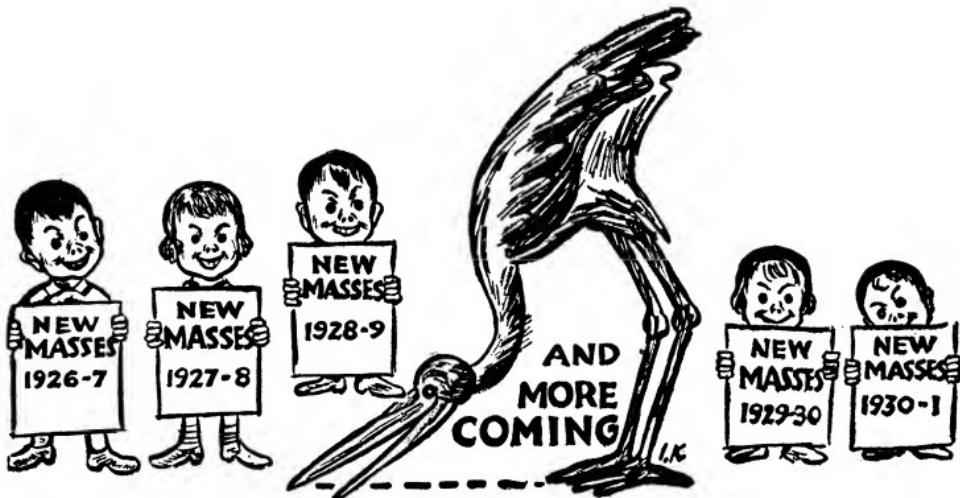
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